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JUNE 13, 1967

James Burnham on
the Anti-Draft Movement
–SEE PAGE 629

NATIONAL REVIEW

COALITION FOR VICTORY IN 1968:

WILL LBJ GET REPUBLICAN VOTES?

HENRY PAOLUCCI

NEW LEFT & OLD RIGHT:

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MAX GELTMAN
JEFFREY HART

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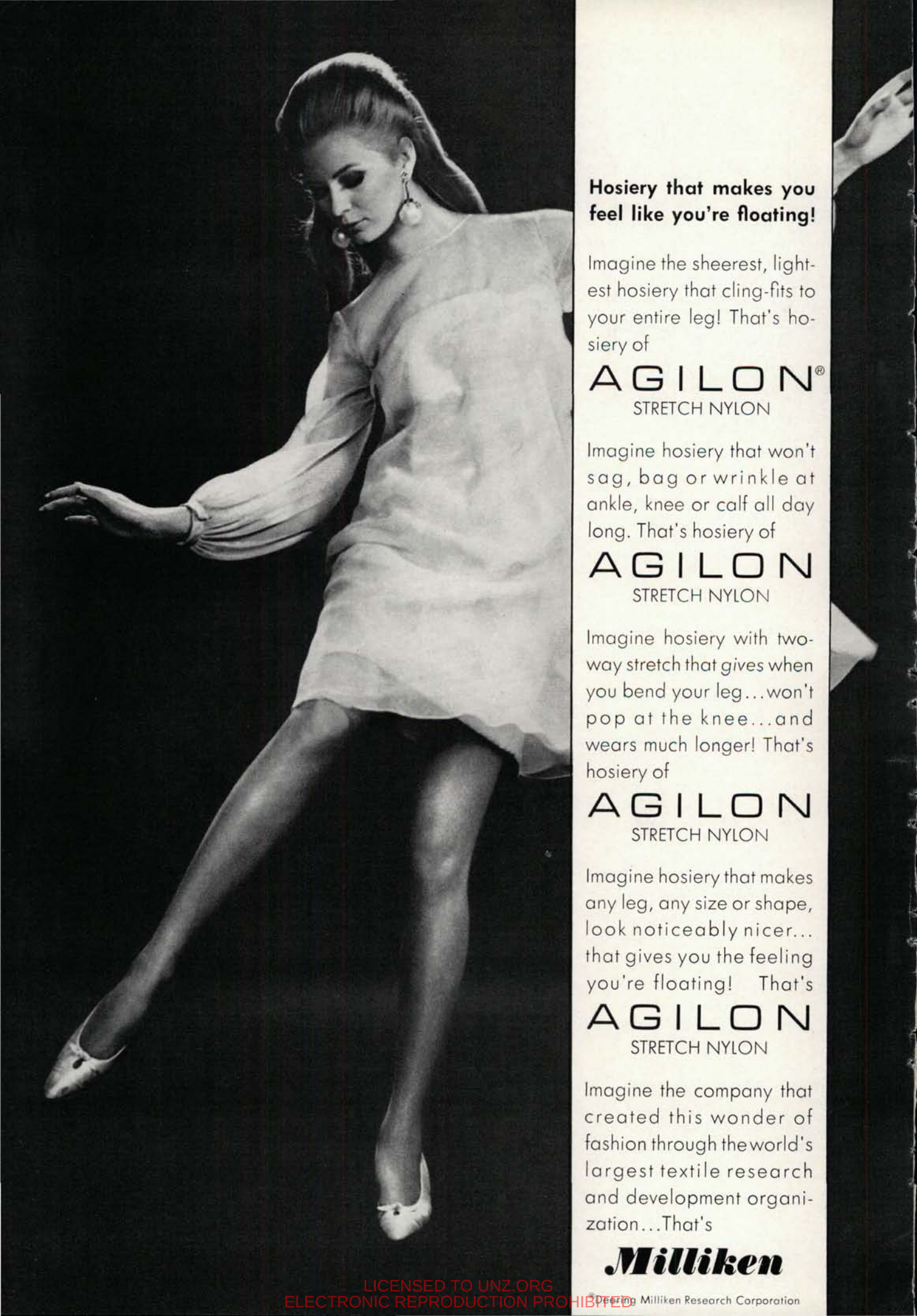

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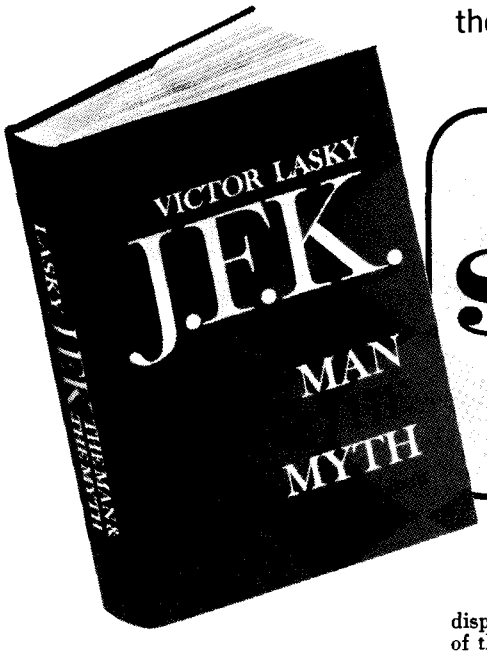

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We feature a binocular vision of the so-called New Left. Mr. **Max Geltman,** the erudite sociologist, historian, journalist, notices some similarities between the New Left and the Old Nazis. And some differences. But principally he cuts up the New Left for its cerebrated mindlessness and for its strange adulation of Nature's Mindlessness, i.e., senility, as incarnated in the late doddering A. J. Muste and the still doddering Bertrand Russell . . . . Prof. **Jeffrey Hart** of Dartmouth studies the portrait that the Left has painted of the Right, and makes a strong case for the idea that the Left is really describing itself and none else when it speaks of intolerant, irate, conspiratorial, illogical, self-pitying anti-patriots. . . . **Henry Paolucci,** Prof. of History at Iona, was the New York Conservative candidate for U.S. Senate in 1964, running against Keating and Kennedy. Here he analyzes the liberal-conservative coalition that whipped LBJ in Texas and might whip him next year . . . . From London, **Anthony Lejeune** files a fascinating dissent from the fashionable fancy that Britain's best hope is a membership in the European Common Market. It might have been, lang syne, but no more. Look west! . . . **Edward Diedrich** met some very interesting people during his recent visit to the Soviet Union. They hoard books about America, and they are planning a revolution. Mr. Diedrich has been in the radio broadcasting business, and likes to move quietly in New York as in Moscow.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** takes note of the not-quite-grass-roots movement to "recall" (i.e., dump) Senator Church. What says the Constitution? . . . **Frank S. Meyer** remarks how close the 1968 political season is, and how the conservatives can, if they play their cards right, consolidate the grip they laid on the GOP in 1964 . . . . **James Burnham** takes issue with conservatives who join committees dedicated to the idea of volunteer armies . . . . Prof. **Russell Kirk** tells of the Old Settlers, the Negroes who moved into his community in northern Michigan about a century ago. Many of them have prospered and greatly distinguished themselves. And without Sargent Shriver and the Great Society . . . . And **Ferdinand Mount,** *NR*'s newest staffer, fresh in from England aboard the *Mary,* pinch-hits for Alec Waugh this week, and bids farewell to a Queen.

➔ *The Warren Revolution,* by former *NR* editor L. Brent Bozell (now editor of *Triumph*), is reviewed by **Martin Diamond,** who is Burnet C. Wohlford Professor of Political Institutions at Claremont. Prof. Diamond, by the way, was recently included in *Time* Magazine's list of the ten best teachers in the U.S. . . . . **Brenton H. Smith** has little patience with the anti-history of historian A.J.P. Taylor's *From Sarajevo to Potsdam.* Mr. Smith is Professor of History at Miami University, Ohio . . . . Gordon Tullock's new book, *The Organization of Inquiry,* deserves more general attention than it's likely to get, says **Wayne J. Holman III.** Mr. Holman possesses unusual credentials: an M.A. in Classics, and a chair in the Physics Department of Duke University. Prof. Tullock (Economics, Virginia) will be moving shortly to Rice Institute . . . . **Ruth Berenson** reports on the state of our art. Just as (cf. Geltman above) the New Left seems strangely throwback, so op and pop and mini and kino are "purely derivative . . . hardly revolutionary." And hardly in the same ballpark with Andrew Wyeth, Louise Nevelson, or Jackson Pollock. Ruth Berenson, the wife of Norbert Muhlen, writes regularly on the New York art scene for several German magazines. ➔

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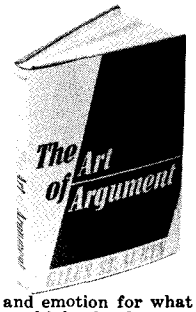

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LETTERS

The Times Extra

As a thorough reader of your magazine since almost its inception, I must say that your extra edition of the *New York Times* [May 30] was indeed a classic. Never have so many demonological liberal shibboleths been presented at once.

However, I was concerned over the omission of (1) the recently discovered personal diary of Judge Webster Thayer revealing his true sentiments about Vanzetti (". . . just a lousy anarchist trying to rock the boat"); and (2) Barry Goldwater's letter to Martin Bormann telling him not to feel bad about the election because he (Bormann) had ". . . done everything he could to help."

Coral Gables, Fla. JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

Waugh on Wine

Alec Waugh may well be learned of good wines ["Wines of America," May 16] but are you tasteful or wise or practical to flaunt so "precious" a learning in a world redolent of flagrant injustice and mass murder? And this in a country that counts it (and probably rightly so) the height of foppery.

New York, N. Y. DAN CANAVAN

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" (Twelfth Night, *Act II, Sc.* 3)—ED.

Percy as Twiggy

I must compliment you on your delightful and eye-catching "Twiggy" cover on Percy [May 2]. Surely this is the path to newsstand sales. May all your covers be as clever.

Arlington, Va. PATRICIA MCNICHOLAS

I was disappointed in NATIONAL REVIEW for publishing such a snide article as that on Percy by Garry Wills [May 2]. My feelings about Percy's qualifications, or rather lack of them, coincide with yours, I am sure. I wouldn't vote for him under any circumstances, except against a Kennedy. However, if anything could make me waver, Garry Wills would.

JOHN RANDOLPH HARRISON

Chihuahua, Mex.

Hazelton on Spirits

The article by Nika Standen Hazelton in the May 2 issue will surely cause doctors to tear their hair. To use brandy or other spirits "to help one swallow pills when the water is uncertain" is a very good way of speeding one's exit from this world!

Alcohol plus tranquilizers or sleeping pills can be lethal.

Alcohol plus any pills or medication prescribed for "nerves" can be equally deadly, or terribly sickening at least.

Alcohol plus many of the antibiotics can make one dreadfully ill.

Alcohol plus antihistamines is suicide!

Has Mrs. Hazelton tried this little maneuver often?

MRS. LEONARD F. MORELAND

Lynwood, Cal.

A Reply

Since I am alive to write these words, I feel that Mrs. Moreland exaggerates. I swallow pills with sips, not draughts of liquid, and I don't swallow pills except on needed occasions, not as an addiction. Unquestionably all of Mrs. Moreland's horror forecasts are true if people abuse liquor and pills or if they are allergic to the combinations. After all, a bee's sting has been known to kill, and strawberries or shrimp give some people awful rashes. And I think that grown-ups going on trips ought to know what they can and cannot take. If not, let them find out first.

New York, N. Y. NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Coup in Greece

Ever since the military coup in Greece of April 21, the "liberal" American press has fallen upon the government installed by the junta with every kind of denunciation, accusation, slander and innuendo conceivable. Only NATIONAL REVIEW has spared a few kind words for this government and its action. . . .

Brooklyn, N. Y. PETER MITILINEOS

Ramparts & Co.

I agree with your April 18th issue that the *Ramparts* need watching, but what about the other organizations linked to *Ramparts*? I refer specifically to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and Pacifica Foundation. Stanley K. Sheinbaum is on the staffs of both the Center and *Ramparts*, and the Center is still distributing "How the U.S. Got Involved in Vietnam" by *Ramparts* editor Robert Scheer. Hallock Hoffman, who is currently secretary and treasurer of the Center, is also chairman of the board of Pacifica Foundation and a former Pacifica commentator. (He is also a member of the American Friends Service Committee. Perhaps there is a "peace establishment" with Robert M. Hutchins at its apex?)

KPFK, Pacifica's Los Angeles station, currently is peddling Felix Greene's *Vietnam! Vietnam!*, endorsed by *Ramparts*' Donald Duncan. On page 170 Greene says, "Finally, no one wishing to grasp the full implications of U.S. policies in Vietnam can afford to ignore *Vietnam Primer*, issued by *Ramparts* Magazine."

On page 76 of *Vietnam Primer* is Donald Duncan's article, "The Whole Thing Was A Lie!", originally published in *Ramparts*, February 1966. About this time Duncan was making the rounds of the Pacifica stations, first making an hour interview at KPFA, Berkeley's Pacifica outlet, concerning the material in his article. This was broadcast by KPFK. Then Duncan made an interview covering the same material at WBAI. This was also broadcast by KPFK. Then "news analyst" William Winter devoted two periods of his commentary series to reading Duncan's article. Altogether Pacifica station KPFK gave Duncan's article at least six hours.

Long Beach, Cal. DAVID BOLENDER

Medicare Red Tape

A full page account in *NR* by W. H. Chamberlin [April 18] of customary bureaucratic red tape, now extended to Medicare, is scarcely newsworthy. But what is news, and shockingly so to a conservative, is Chamberlin's assertion that he is "entitled" to Medicare because of the "heavy contributions levied by the Social Security system."

Perhaps Mr. Chamberlin is one of those who persuade themselves to believe that since the Federal Government has taken such a substantial share of income by taxes, he has already paid his part of the funds to be made available from the Treasury not only for Medicare, but also for such local projects as water, power, transportation, sewage disposal, etc. It was Karl Brandt who a few years ago dwelled upon such poor reasoning and called this approach a betrayal of the free economy by those who believe in the superiority of the private sector but compromise their principles for the sake of expediency.

Naperville, Ill. EDWARD PALMER, M.D.

Obviously Mr. Chamberlin has not the slightest conception of the Social Security Administration's monumental workload during the Medicare rush of 1965-66. (There was at least a tenfold increase in the case workload. There was a concomitant freeze on hiring. Employees were working, by and large, longer than a six-day week. There were other than retirement claims to handle.) If he wanted prompt attention to his claim, he should have contacted his district office prior to filing to ascertain just what proof of age was acceptable.

Washington, D.C. IRENE E. MCCOURT

Knocking the Rock

I thought Peter Crumpet's story of the goings-on at the Rock of Gibraltar

(Continued on p. 616)

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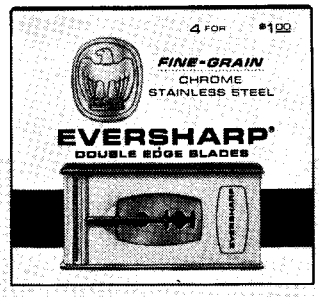

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 614)

[April 4] gave a good exposition of what was to me a hazy period in history. That is, I thought it was well done until along came the flagship of LCDR T. M. Ryan [To the Editor, May 16] and fired a broadside into it. It was a damn-the-torpedoes-full-speed-ahead salvo in the best tradition of the Navy.

Without doubt the LCDR knows his way about the Rock as well as he knows the bridge of a ship. Seizing his retrospectroscope he focuses on the Rock and proceeds to describe the people on it. "Once the richest nation in the world, it prostituted its currency through deficit spending, created a class dependent on government largesse, taxed industry to extinction, and followed a maritime policy which caused the majority of the trade to be conducted in foreign bottoms." Then, the glass lowering as the ship rolled, he read "Plymouth Rock, U.S.A."

Huntington, N. Y. PAUL J. CARLIN

Malicious Oversight

Each time I read the NATIONAL REVIEW I become irritated with its jaundiced view of all it surveys. For example, Mr. Kirk reviewed the conservative literature published on the college campus [Mar. 7]. The name and address and price of each of the publications were given, except for *New Individualist Review*, when it was noted that this magazine sometimes disagrees with Hayek and some other traditional conservatives. The address and the price of the *New Individualist Review* were not given.

Lawrenceville, Ill. J. PATRICK ROONEY

New Individualist Review: *Ida Noyes Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. 60637. $3 a year.* —ED.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (May 30)

ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT, KENNEDY'S AID AND COMFORT:

Kennedy . . . believes that his name and relationships entitle him to move around the world second-guessing the legally constituted authorities of our government. He hopes that these activities will loft him into the Presidency . . . This is presumption and conceit unmatched in American history (from editorial, March 4-5, 1967).

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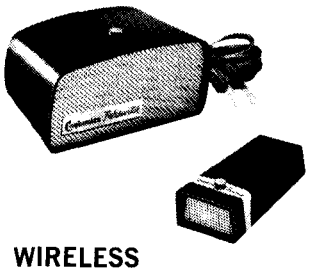

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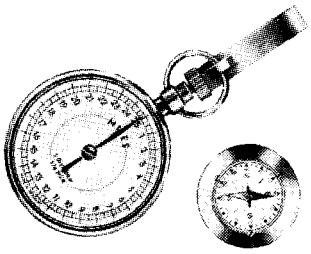

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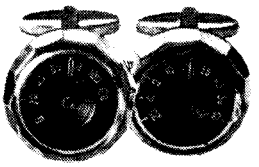

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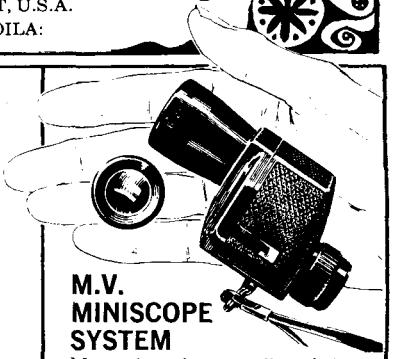

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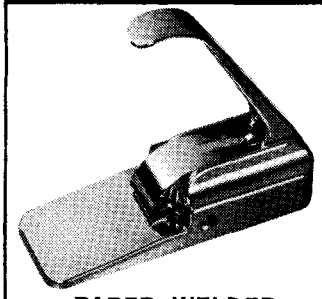

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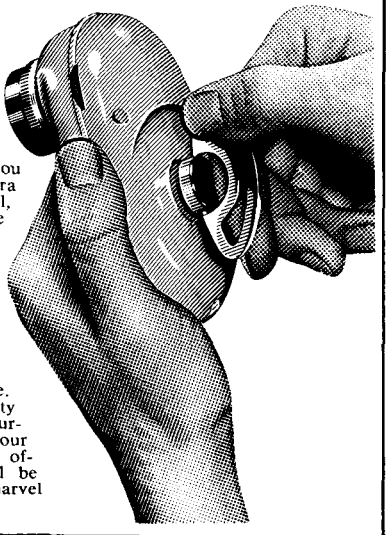

That's liable to happen to you when you first use the Riviera in front of anyone. After all, how can a "wind-up" shaver be more than a plaything or at best an emergency type of shaver? But, you will have the last laugh! With one single winding (about six turns, just like a movie camera) you will get a complete shave —the fastest, smoothest and closest you ever had.

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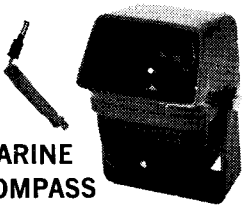

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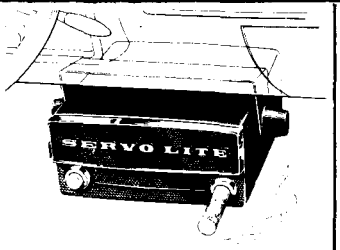

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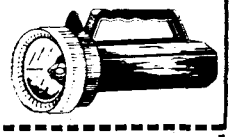

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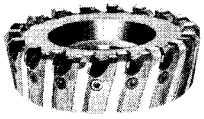

Too many of us take cutting tools for granted. And as long as they work, we don't pay much attention to them.

That can be costly. Very costly.

Maybe you should take a closer look at your cutting tool inventories and buying practices.

The Ingersoll Man is just the guy to help. You see, he's genuinely concerned with the productivity of your operation, not just selling you cutting tools. Every time he sees somebody use a not-best-for-the-job cutter on an expensive machine, he cringes.

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The WEEK

● Couldn't we move Israel to North Vietnam and let Nasser blockade the harbor at Haiphong?

● This year's Young Republican National Federation convention (Omaha, June 17-21) will see yet another liberal *v.* conservative contention for the national chairmanship—a post in conservative hands since 1963. The liberals seem to have learned little about political maneuvering in their years of outhood, witness their latest effort: a poll of Republican leaders being circulated by one E. John Bucci, a self-proclaimed surveyor of public opinion. Bucci asks a pageful of leading questions about the role of the YRNF in GOP affairs—not, be it noted, about the role of the state and local YR groups that do most of the day-to-day political spadework. The whistle has been blown on the whole operation by Rep. Donald Lukens (R., Ohio), a former YRNF national chairman, who notes that "the questions are phrased to most easily accommodate negative opinions about the . . . National Federation." Nobody seems to know just *which* Republican leaders are being polled—but YRNF insiders suspect the worst, and predict that the results will be hawked to the press on the eve of the convention. One more suspicion: Bucci operates out of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, leading many to detect the clumsy hand of that state's anti-Republican Republican Senator Hugh Scott.

● Marya Mannes, raging, aging lady critic of all that's crummy in American life, like mislabeled canned goods and TV commercials, closed the generation gap at the *Pacem in Terris* affair in Geneva with a threnody to the poor, beleaguered kids back home. "On the campuses of America," she cried out, "they cry out against the war in Vietnam, they burn their draft cards, they court prison, they preach love not war, they are ready to sacrifice themselves for peace in a country where it is considered more patriotic to mourn a dead soldier than honor a living conscience." And what's more, the poor children don't have a leader. "Thousands and thousands of our best young American men and women" are deprived because they have "a President who speaks neither to them nor for them, who, in fact, profoundly offends them." And they have a Vice President "who would rather be President than right." And "a Secretary of State who tells them nothing they recognize as truth." And they have intellectuals who sit around listening to such crap.

● Speaking to a gathering of UN correspondents, U Thant suggested that "the initial phase of World War III" may be taking place. If the Secretary General keeps developing at this rate, he may figure out by 1980 that World War III has something to do with the aggressive nature of the Communist enterprise. Meanwhile, for his leisure hours, we recommend an occasional glance at James Burnham's *NR* column, or at any rate at its title; or, in an antiquarian mood, at the first sentence of James Burnham's book, *The Struggle for the World,* published in 1947: "The Third World War began in April, 1944."

● Concerning the disintegration of Nigeria (see below): the so-called Eastern Region is actually the southernmost. The so-called Western Region is in the southwest. The so-called Northern Region is the easternmost. The northwestern area has no name.

● Shaken but not shattered, Hong Kong returns to normalcy after two weeks of Peking-inspired riots. Sir David Trench, governor of the tiny British colony, said the Chinese Communist demands were unacceptable and claimed the government had the support of 95 per cent of the people of Hong Kong. But Peking newspapers muttered that the British were "playing with fire." In spite of the divisions among HK's leftists and the firmness of the British response, everyone expects that the rioters will be back.

● After denouncing Venezuelan Communists for talking instead of fighting, Castro has taken outlawry into his own hands. Twelve Cuban guerrillas have been caught red-armed landing on a Venezuelan beach. A Cuban army lieutenant was killed. In the Dominican Republic, President Balaguer called out the army to avert an alleged coup fomented by "hundreds of well-trained Communist agents." A Cuban-trained Dominican was arrested. Peking tried to get in on the act, too. The Chinese Communist Press Agency claimed that Mao's thought was guiding the revolutionaries. But it is Castro's agents who are doing the dirty work in Colombia, Guatemala, Bolivia et al. Venezuela is appealing to the Organization of American States to contain the Cuban nuisance. But having already broken off commercial and diplomatic relations with Castro, how can the OAS singe his beard, short of invasion? Hmmmm.

● Official repression, unofficial defiance was the theme of the fourth national congress of the Union of Writers in the Soviet Union. Western visitors like Lillian Hellman and Sir Charles and Lady Snow (Pamela Hansford Johnson) came away assured that the times were changing. But Alexander Solzhenitsyn, author of the harrowing *A Day in the Life*

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of Ivan Denisovich, reportedly got nowhere with a petition urging delegates to speak out against censorship, and even the regime's favorite novelist, the Stalinist Mikhail Sholokhov, was a little unnerved by the lack of dissent. Meanwhile, another Russian has written: "O martyrs of Russian literature! Nothing has changed since the days of Radishchev and the Decembrists. . . . As before, it is given to gendarmes and policemen to be the first critics of a writer's work. Except that in Russia under the Czars neither Gogol nor Shchedrin was ever brought to trial for the sharpness of his satirical fantasies, and they were not punished for laughing at the absurdities of Russian life. But now you can be tried for a metaphor, sent to a camp for figures of speech! . . . All this is more than I can bear to see, people of the whole world, and this is why I am here, and not there, in Russia." Thus Svetlana Alliluyeva, in her first American-published work (in the *Atlantic*), marks her ballot.

● Rep. Donald Irwin (D., Conn.) found an interesting reply to columnist James Reston's recent assertion that the Johnson Administration should be worried about the anti-Vietnam feelings of such solid, conservative, serious, clean, decent, bourgeois characters as Strobe Talbott, the chairman of the *Yale Daily News*. Another chairman of the *News*, in 1940, dissented about another war, involvement in which would be "a fantastic moral proposition." No democratic people, said that earlier chairman, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, should be "committed to a transoceanic war of aggression with no end in sight." His name? Why, Kingman Brewster Jr., now president of Yale University.

● Libertarian of the week: Mr. Maury McDaniel, a law student at Stanford, who is waging war against junk mail. Reading the law, he discovered that the Post Office is required to deliver everything unless otherwise instructed. He put a notice on his box instructing the Post Office not to deliver junk. Then he pointed out the law and insisted on his rights. Washington staggered, and the matter is still up in the air. Washington might make the right decision if a few million postal "patrons" (i.e., unwilling captives of the federal monopoly) were to express themselves as McDaniel did.

● THE NEW HAIL MARY (Ecumenical Version, by J. P. McFadden): Hi Mary, Full of Equality, you are very much with it! Happy are you among the girls, and happy is the result of your first marriage, Jesus. Unprejudiced Mary, mother of the Ground of our Being, dialogue with us evolving ones, now and at the consummation of our personal evolution, A-hem.

● HOW'S THAT AGAIN, OR, WHEREFORE ART THOU MR. PARKINSON: Robert Kennedy's current (May 30) complaint is about the President's "failure to staff a permanent agency designed to cut red tape in federal regulatory agencies."

Notes and Asides

The press has publicized the financial plight of NATIONAL REVIEW, and this we regret because it is, after all, a matter between *NR* and its readers, so many of whom are also its patrons. The plight of the journal of opinion is hardly front-page news: costs rise way out of proportion to subscription prices, and the advertiser does (*Time, Life, Look*), or doesn't (*NR, New Republic, Commonweal*) make up the difference. We do not expect to be solvent this year, or even next year. But we do expect that there will be a next year for *NR*, because the loyalty and generosity of our readers are two of life's greater certitudes. Concretely: if this year we receive as many late donations as we did in previous years, we are in. And remember: the life you have saved may be your own. Our thanks and, as ever, our best wishes.

Not Too Fast

The focus of the new crisis is the Holy Land, marked out by God from all the earth. In the map of Dante's universe, Jerusalem, the Holy City, is the exact center of the earth's land surface. How extraordinary a symbol Jerusalem becomes at this moment: half in the Jews' Israel, half in the Arabs' Jordan, with the Christians' holiest places spread through both—as if the collective souls of three Peoples of the Book, the worshipers of the One God, were sucked into the pulsing field of the Divine Magnet.

Pierre Boutang, writing in *La Nation Française,* reminds us that the history of the Holy Land cannot be comprehended within the logical categories of secular reason. There is a metaphysical, a theological compulsion manifest in its history that breaks through the utilitarian calculus of resources, power and interest. For the Jews, emerged from the Arabian desert, this is the Promised Land given to them as His Chosen People under God's covenant. When they were dispersed over the earth by Caesar's sword, the Holy Land remained fixed in their hearts as their true home. But it was the Jews and Judaism, and the same desert, that gave birth to the Arab Moslems (as earlier to the Christians)—in their absolute monotheism and their devotion to the Book, more Jewish than the Jews. By the strength of swords drawn at God's Will, the Arabs made Palestine part of *their* Holy Land, and later fought the centuries-long series

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of combats—utterly irrational from any secular standpoint—with the crusading Christians, whose Holy Land it also was.

Then, two decades ago, the Jews, who had never ceased as spiritual proprietors, seized physical control of their homeland once more, against quantitative odds that seemed, that were, insuperably against them. In secular terms they had no shred or semblance of legal right; their claim, in their own eyes, rested on God's Word; apart from that foundation, there was only the right of conquest—and, as many were ready to grant, of suffering.

For the Arabs, this rebirth of a Jewish Israel was not merely a political aggression that time might have soothed. It was a permanent metaphysical affront—a wound that only total surgery could heal. The Western powers believed they could manage the trauma by application of the usual secular cures: guarantees, balancing of forces and armaments, economic development, permitting the years to work out a pragmatic equilibrium. But the dimension of the problem goes beyond the pragmatic.

The issue has further subtleties. An "Arab nation"—"the Arabs" as a collective entity—*exists,* so far as it exists at all, only in relation to Israel. Only in dialectical counterplay to Israel is there today an Arab nation, an Arab world—apart from Israel, the Arab world is a myth. Apart from Israel there are only the diverse peoples, nations and tribes, varied and often conflicting in interests, resources, cultures and history, who speak Arabic and profess one or another version of Islamic faith.

The myth of Arab unity, of an Arab nation, does have also an imaginative reality in the mind of Gamal Abdel Nasser; it is this myth that infused *Egypt's Destiny,* the manifesto with which he launched his career. By his sudden new confrontation with Israel—executed with the flair that carried him through his earlier coups: his assumption of power, his seizure of the Canal, his West-East shift on the Aswan Dam—Nasser pumps momentary life into the myth. The "evolutionary," pro-Western Arab states—Saudi Arabia, Jordan, even the half-Christian Lebanon and the non-Arab but Moslem Iran—are under the metaphysical compulsion to swing into line with Soviet-backed UAR, Syria and Iraq against the absolute enemy. King Hussein must offer aid to his sworn enemy, Syria, and welcome Iraqi troops inside his borders. King Faisal's government, which is fighting the UAR in Yemen, must announce its willingness to send troops north to join the *jehad,* the holy war.

Still, a myth is only a myth. The Arab pseudo-unity would loosen again, rather quickly, if it were not held taut by dramatic action and the threat or reality of large-scale combat. Humdrum facts come into play; cooling passions, economies suffering from mobilization, irritations elsewhere, normal work to be done. From which a main conclusion: that the United States and the European powers will be well advised to support and further U Thant's call for "a breathing spell" to give the Mideast tension a chance to subside.

This necessarily means, at least for the time being, not "taking sides" in the present set of disputes, and most particularly not taking any precipitous military action with respect to any issue immediately in dispute. Leaving apart the longer-term and supra-historical problems—which will not be much affected by breathing spaces—the merits of the present case are certainly not one-sided. Even Nasser's blockade of the Strait of Tiran—which pro-Israeli opinion presents as not only a legitimate casus belli but an occasion for concerted international military action—raises questions that are obscure both legally and historically. Moreover, if the heat simmers down, it does not seem likely that Saudi Arabia, which holds the eastern shore of the Strait, or Jordan, with its port on the Gulf, or Russia, which spent more than two centuries getting an "innocent passage" doctrine accepted for its bottleneck of the Dardanelles and Bosporus, will wish to give Nasser unrestricted control of the Strait, though in the midst of the crisis they are not going to say this. It should be added, for what legalisms are worth, that under the terms of the 1948 armistice there is some doubt that Israel is legally entitled to its territorial extension touching the Gulf of Aqaba. The armistice commission concluded that Israeli troops occupied the area after the armistice had gone into effect. ➔

Napalm For Cairo?

The reams I've read by columnists
Who shake their literary fists
Whenever Lyndon sallies forth
With escalation for the North!
They *hate it.* Yet, when Lyndon fails
To heel when Abba Eban hails,
They're positively *furious.*
It's very, very curious.

W. H. VON DREELE

THE STATUS SEEKER

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If the United States intervenes unilaterally to force passage for Israeli shipping through the Strait, it could not be predicted just how far that commitment might lead. We must guard against giving flesh to the myth of Arab unity, guard against putting ourselves into conflict with the evolutionary regimes upon which our own Mideastern policy is primarily oriented, and drawing these regimes into Nasser's net.

The kaleidoscope of Mideastern politics is never still for long. If developing events prove that our own interest and security require a more direct intervention, there will be time enough for that later on. The prudent commander is never in a rush to commit his reserves. The thing to do, for the present, is to stall. That is where the United Nations is most useful. By all means, let us involve the United Nations and the World Court. Meanwhile, Israel can, with our aid, be kept strong and healthy via her Mediterranean ports.

Whose Welfare?

Landlords in New York City are free to charge whatever rents the market will bear—unless the buildings they own were built before 1947, in which case rents are governed by the last surviving vestige of World War II price ceilings, the city's rent control law. That law, beloved of middle-class tenants, big-time real estate operators and politicians, is now under attack. Building maintenance employees are striking for an 18 per cent pay increase: elevators aren't running, garbage is piling up, tenants have no hot water. The landlords say they are more than willing to give their employees a raise, but that they cannot unless the city allows them to raise rents. It boils down to a confrontation of landlord *v.* city government, with the maintenance men doing the dirty work and the tenants suffering. Mayor Lindsay hopes to solve the problem by granting a 15 per cent rent increase for all apartments whose rents have not gone up since 1953—thus enabling landlords to meet wage demands, while retaining an archaic law the abolition of which no politician would dare propose.

Rent control is thought unassailable because it allegedly Protects the Little Man from Wicked Greedy Landlords. But does it? The tenant pays an agreeably (if artificially) low rent—until told that he must move from the building because an immense, new and therefore un-controlled building is to be built in its place; or until told that his large apartment is to be divided into two or more smaller, uncontrolled units. Moreover, the owner of a rent-controlled building does not necessarily *need* the tenant because if the tenant moves after two years, the landlord is allowed to raise the rent 15 per cent for the new tenant. Thus, in many buildings comforts and services are held to a minimum: if a disgruntled tenant moves, another can be found to take his place for 15 per cent more. Finally, large-scale real estate manipulators benefit from the "hardship clause" of the rent control law, under which a building owner may ask a rent increase every two years in order to raise his net income to 6 per cent of original investment plus 2 per cent depreciation. Many buildings are sold every two years, with each "hardship" claim based on the new purchase price; smaller landlords who have held onto their buildings instead of speculating must base their claims on unrealistic assessed valuations.

Should Mayor Lindsay win his 15 per cent increase and end the strike, the universal sigh of relief will no doubt drown out the obvious lesson of the case: that rent control benefits not the tenant, not the small landlord and not the city; that, like so many other welfarist interferences with the economy, it fails to keep the big boys from getting more than theirs. Modest proposal: would the situation improve if the market were allowed to function freely? It certainly couldn't get worse.

Marxism and the Pope

Polyglottal furore over the Pope's latest encyclical. Drafted by a French Dominican economist, translated into Latin and re-translated into English, by the time it reached these shores the encyclical was quoted as lamenting that "a system has been constructed which considers profit as the key motive for economic progress, competition as the supreme law of economics and private ownership of the means of production as an absolute right that has no limits and carries no corresponding social obligation." Accusations of "warmed-over Marxism" from the *Wall Street Journal.* Fears of excommunication among realtors. Panic in the executive suite.

But the affair is more complicated. "System" is in the encyclical mistranslated from the Latin *"opiniones"* (i.e., the opinions of a few fanatical financiers). But that in turn was a mistranslation from the original French *"système"* (implying the whole capitalist system). The French version also said the system *was* constructed (past tense) not *has been* constructed (present tense). So which is the authentic version?

The Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano* rushed to the semantic rescue. The Pope, it says, "does not condemn profit, freedom of trade, savings and free enterprise, but the abuses of that kind of capitalism which accepts no social obligations." And Father Georges Jarlot, Roman economic pundit, says the Pope is criticizing "the so-called Manchester liberalism of the middle of the last century and earlier. It is Grandpa's liberalism."

Relief—the Church has not returned to its medieval

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ In its first major victory on a domestic issue this year, the Johnson Administration defeated a strong Republican push to change the nature of federal education grants. To win, however, it had to compromise in several important areas. The Administration's proposal was a simple extension of present federal aid to education, which is geared to categorical grants through some thirty separate school aid programs. The GOP proposal, pushed chiefly by Rep. Albert H. Quie (Minn.), would have substituted bloc grants to the states, allowing them to use the funds where they thought they were most needed. Quie's amendment lost, 197-168.

◆ The Administration had sensed the strategic importance of this vote, and took to the telephone—getting local school administrators and religious school leaders to pressure Congress in support of the bill. Quie complained that "Johnson has got the big city superintendents thinking they will get less money under my plan, and the rural people thinking they'll be cheated. He's got the private and parochial people afraid they'll lose out, the civil rights backers afraid of less action against segregation, and the segregationists afraid my plan will cause more rigid enforcement." But to win the Administration also needed substantial support from the Southern Democrats in the House, who—with 83 members from the eleven Southern states—constituted the balance of power on the issue. Rep. Edith Green (D., Ore.) and others therefore proposed a number of amendments which, when they were passed, brought a majority of the Southerners to the Administration's aid. Mrs. Green's amendment provides that federal desegregation guidelines be applied equally to all states, rather than just to the Southern states—as now practiced by federal officials. The House also approved an amendment by Rep. L. H. Fountain (D., N.C.) which assures that a school district accused of practicing segregation will have a public hearing before federal funds can be cut off. In all the heated fighting, few members of Congress spoke out in principle against federal aid to education. The only question was how the spoils were to be divided.

◆ A vital vote on East-West trade is forthcoming in the House. Rep. Paul Fino (R., N.Y.) is leading the GOP fight against a proposed $50 million U.S. loan to help build a Fiat automobile assembly plant in the Soviet Union. Fino lost his fight in the House Banking and Currency Committee, 18-15; one Republican—Rep. Chester Mize (Kan.)—joined seventeen Democrats, and two Democrats—Reps. Tom Gettys (S.C.) and Tom Bevill (Ala.)—joined thirteen Republicans on that vote. Republicans have an excellent chance of victory when the full House votes on the measure, however. In answer to the Administration's argument that the deal would make the Soviets divert resources from military programs to consumer programs, Rep. Glennard P. Lipscomb, the GOP's chief expert on trade with the Soviet bloc, produced a letter from General Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Wheeler states that he does "not believe that the Soviets would divert resources from a military program which they regard as vital to any program to benefit the Soviet consumer."

◆ With the apparent defeat of Senator Long's campaign financing bill, President Johnson has proposed an even more dangerous and radical course of action: total federal financing of campaigns, with a prohibition of private funds. The President asked Congress to go only two-thirds of the way toward that goal this year, leaving some areas of campaign expenses that would have to be funded privately. But he made his ultimate goal clear. "I believe that our ultimate goal should be to finance the total expense for this vital function of our democracy with public funds, and to prohibit the use or acceptance of money from private sources." It is not hard to imagine the effect such vast federal power over the purse would have on American politics—both in increasing the power in Washington D.C., and in fostering citizen apathy toward politics.

—CATO

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thundering against usury. But the economic *aggiornamento* clearly has some way to go. And the Vatican really ought to brush up its translating, too.

Dodd Report Revisited

The postponement of the Dodd debate gives leisure to note more amazing lapses from judicial accuracy in the Report of the Senate Ethics Committee. Senator Dodd was rebuked principally because he used donations from friends and supporters to meet some personal expenses. The crucial question therefore is for what purpose those donations were solicited. Was it to pay the Senator's liquor bill or to meet his campaign expenses? One answer is contained in the 600 pages of the Committee hearings, as plain as most things in this tangled world. It would be reasonable to dispute this answer and return a verdict on Dodd of "non-proven." It is not reasonable to ignore it and substitute a distortion which bears no relation to the evidence. Yet that is what the Committee has done.

The Report assumes nonchalantly that the seven Dodd functions were political "fund-raising events." Yet almost without exception the solicitation letters, dinner programs, forms to be returned with your check etc. speak of a *testimonial* breakfast/dinner/reception for Dodd. President Johnson, guest at four of the seven events, said in the crucial section of his

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remarks (which the report omits although it twice refers to those remarks): "I always understood that they were having an appreciation dinner or testimonial dinner but I didn't know that it was for personal, or political or local campaign or national."

What does this word *testimonial* connote? According to the Oxford dictionary, it means: "a gift presented to someone by a number of persons as an expression of appreciation or acknowledgment of services or merit, or of admiration, esteem, or respect." Webster's is right behind the OED: "A token of regard, respect or admiration, of obligation for services rendered, or the like, presented to a person, often formally and publicly, or established in his memory." In other words, a testimonial is a gift to an individual, not a contribution to a campaign or a political party. The Ethics Committee complains that the testimonial organizers often did not specify any further purpose. But why need any further purpose be stated? It would be nonsensical to ask a long-service bank clerk what he proposes to do with his testimonial gold watch. It would be impolite to ask a retiring doorman whether he will use his testimonial check to pay off his debts.

This is not the end of the argument. You can say that the delicate situation of a U.S. senator makes it more prudent for him to specify exactly where every penny goes, though there be no provision of law or spirit that demands such a chore. You can say that, in deference to some code not yet established, a senator should never accept money for personal expenses. But you cannot in reason overlook the relevance or the meaning of the word "testimonial." A gift is a gift is a gift.

Nigerian Breakaway

Are the Congo drums beating again in Nigeria? The parallels are uncomfortably close. Take a freshly independent African state, federated more for the convenience of colonial administration than for reasons of tribal feeling. The most prosperous Region (copper-rich Katanga, oil-happy Eastern Nigeria), tired of political domination by less sophisticated tribes, breaks away under strong leadership. Though Colonel Ojukwu does not have the partisan backing from the former colonial regime that Tshombe enjoyed from the Belgians, he is an equally formidable operator. Race hatred between the enterprising Eastern Ibos and the traditionalist Hausas in the North exploded in the massacre last summer of tens of thousands of Ibos. Around one million Ibo refugees fled back home from the North. Colonel Gowon, the able head of the federal government, has of course denounced the long-expected secession as treasonous and promised to meet it with military and economic force.

The United Nations—let alone the United States—should do nothing to aid his efforts to re-establish the status quo ante. There is little to be said for the federation. And what there is to be said will be said with assegais. Most Nigerians would undoubtedly find it more congenial if the Regions became separate states. Separatist feeling is almost as strong among, for example, the Yorubas in the Western Region as in the East. Nigeria has 55 million people, the most populous nation in Africa and one of the richest. Each Region separately is larger and more viable than many independent African states. Besides, the encouraging political and economic sophistication in much of Nigeria will bloom faster if regional leaders are not eternally occupied in squabbling with a ramshackle federation—which has bred little but corruption and top-heavy bureaucracy.

A time may come when it is possible to federate Nigeria in harmony and prosperity. That time is not yet. The United States should not waste time, blood and platitudes in efforts to shackle together those who would be asunder. The first priority in a dogfight is to separate the combatants.

And Now, Biafra

It's not a dance; it's not a plant.
It's something Secretary Thant
Will welcome warmly with a note
According it "one man, one vote."

Biafra, if you haven't read,
Is what Nigeria just shed:
A process fated to promote
Another "man," another "vote."

Indeed, with more dividing due
(Nigeria still totals two),
Another vote is not remote.
You wanna bet it gets our goat?

W. H. VON DREELE

"This Is in Response . . ."

It being illegal to pray in the public schools, a Long Island gentleman of our acquaintance wrote the Justice Department asking whether it would be all right to start each school day with a reading from the first page of the *Congressional Record*, e.g.: "The Senate met at 12 o'clock meridian, and was called to order by the President pro tempore. The Chaplain, Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, D.D., offered the following prayer: 'O Thou God of our salvation, to Thee we lift our hearts in prayer . . .' and so on for some two or three paragraphs, ending "In the dear Re-

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deemer's name. Amen." Months passed but the Justice Department did not reply. When repeated appeals failed to elicit an answer, our friend besought the intercession of his congressman, Otis Pike. Congressman Pike received the following letter from Frank M. Wozencraft, Assistant Attorney General, Office of Legal Counsel, Department of Justice:

"This is in response to your letter of March 13, 1967, requesting consideration of the enclosed letter which you received from Mr. Juan del Castillo. Mr. del Castillo asks whether it would be legal to read the invocations from the *Congressional Record* to children in public schools.

"As you know, the Attorney General is authorized by statute to furnish legal opinions only in connection with the official business of agencies in the Executive Branch of the Federal Government. Whether or not certain practices in the public schools violate the constitutional prohibition against governmental establishment of religion is a matter for the courts to decide when the particular issue is properly raised.

"In *Abington School District* v. *Schempp,* 374 U.S. 203 (1963), the United States Supreme Court held that Bible reading and recitation of the Lord's Prayer as prescribed religious exercises in public schools, and the laws requiring such practices, violate the constitutional prohibition against governmental establishment of religion. In *Engel* v. *Vitale,* 370 U.S. 421 (1962), the Court held that state school officials may not compose and prescribe a prayer for recital in public schools because this constitutes an establishment of religion in violation of the Constitution.

"In the *Abington* case, the Supreme Court suggested a test by which to determine the constitutionality of laws or governmental practice under the Constitution:

" 'The test may be stated as follows: What are the purpose and the primary effect of the enactment? If either is the advancement or inhibition of religion then the enactment exceeds the scope of legislative power as circumscribed by the Constitution. That is to say that to withstand the strictures of the Establishment Clause there must be a secular legislative purpose and a primary effect that neither advances nor inhibits religion.' 374 U.S. at 222.

"You may wish to suggest that Mr. del Castillo write to the New York Department of Education in the event that agency has developed policies or instructions to assist local public school officials in complying with court rulings on this subject."

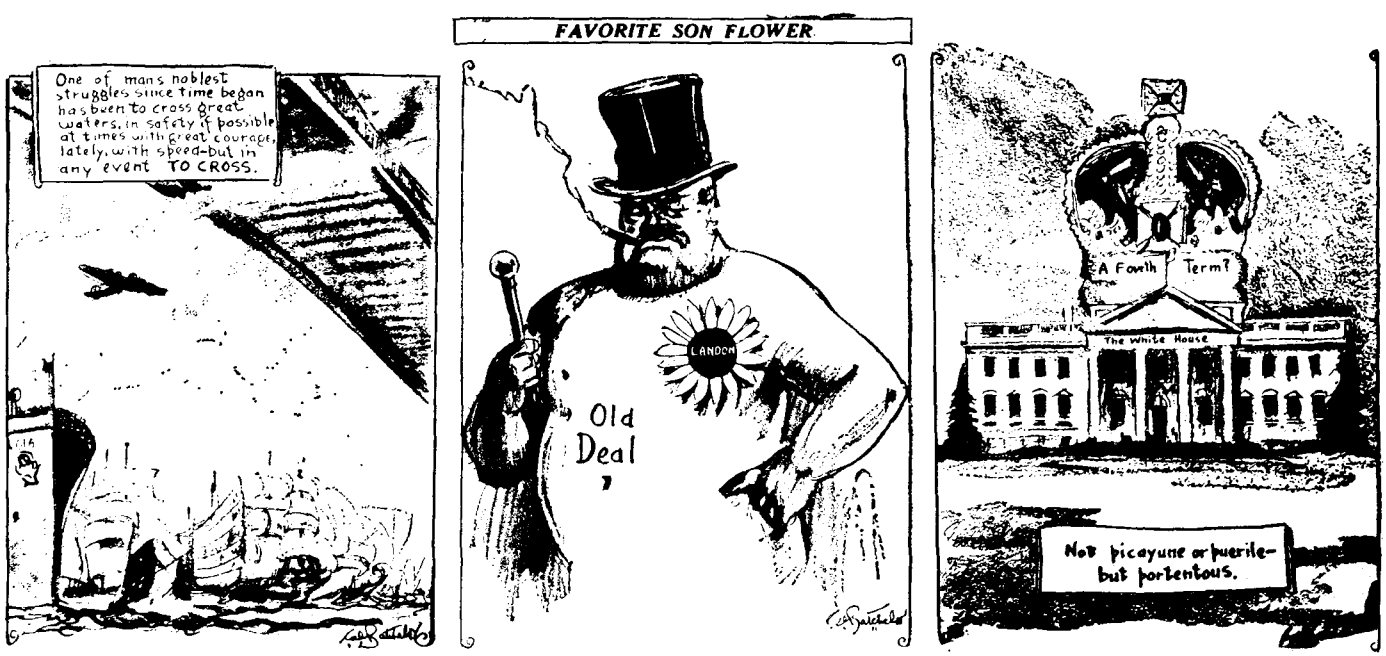
We draw your attention to the lack of correspondence between the second sentence of Mr. Wozencraft's first paragraph and the rest of his letter. Does anyone *know* whether it is okay to quote the chaplain of the U. S. Senate in a U.S. public school?

Winners & Sinners

On May 23, Kentucky Democrats held their gubernatorial primary with a field of ten candidates. On the same day, Kentucky Republicans held theirs, with

BATCHELOR & THE THIRTIES

Presidential Elections


One of mans noblest struggles since time began has been to cross great waters, in safety if possible at times with great courage, lately, with speed-but in any event TO CROSS.
FAVORITE SON FLOWER
LANDON
Old Deal
A Fourth Term?
The White House
Not picayune or puerile- but portentous.

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a field of two. Who won? Here is the *New York Times* story, bless its obfuscating heart. Headline: "Moderate Loses Race in Kentucky—Republican Bid in Primary for Governor Defeated." Out of twelve candidates, the *Times* picks one, the Moderate Republican, and tells us that he Lost. Will the *Times* tell us who won? No. For four paragraphs it tells us about Mr. Marlow W. Cook, the defeated Moderate Republican; that he is a Roman Catholic in a "strongly Protestant" state, that this was an issue, that open housing was also an issue, which "embittered both sides" (but doesn't tell us whether Mr. Cook was for it, which as a matter of fact he wasn't), and that furthermore Cook represented the urban progressivism of Louisville, where he ran far ahead, losing in the rural counties to (paragraph four, and a winner, ladeez and gentlemen!) Louie B. Nunn, "a rural conservative whose campaign had been denounced for anti-Catholic, anti-Negro 'bigotry' and 'appeals to prejudice' by a number of Kentucky Republican leaders, including Senator Thomas B. [*sic*] Sherman Cooper and John Ratliff, Mr. Cook's primary running mate for lieutenant governor."

Here plain journalistic incompetence (never mind the ringer for John Sherman Cooper—a mistake's a mistake) has passed into the realm of antijournalism. Not only does the *Times* downgrade the victory of the terrible Mr. Nunn, it gives us the facts about his terribleness from out of the mouth of his opponent's running mate. Why should we be any more interested in what, under the circumstances, Mr. Ratliff said about Mr. Nunn than in what Mr. Nunn said about Mr. Cook or Hubert Humphrey said about Barry Goldwater in 1964?

We said there were two primaries that day. In the Democratic primary, Henry Ward won with a bigger vote total than all his nine opponents put together. Wouldn't you think that Mr. Ward's vote, which the *Times* described as "unexpectedly heavy" and "overwhelming," would have been sufficient to capture some of its main attention? But the *Times* news story doesn't get to Mr. Ward's big win until its next-to-last paragraph.

It would be too much to ask the *Times* to make sense of the Kentucky primaries, in which bias, emotionally heated controversy and continuous civil discord all played their part to confuse the picture. But it is better to present a confused picture than to substitute a new one of your own. Nunn and Ward, the two winners, both took an unequivocal position against open housing, the issue that stirred up the most fuss (the *Times* candidate, Cook, favored it but not in the form proposed, i.e., local ordinance), but Ward, the candidate of Gov. Breathitt, the *Courier-Journal* and the state AFL-CIO, presumably had to renege on his liberal sponsorship to do so. On all of this, the *Times* is mum. If open housing stays an issue in the election, presumably Ward will have to outpoint hard-rock Nunn, and what will the liberals do then? Sulk with the *New York Times*?

The Kentucky story is a prime instance of the *Times*'s tendency to mangle the news when it doesn't like what is happening. Or when it doesn't *know* what is happening, which is the case more often than one might suppose.

What Price Culture?

The Lyric Opera of Chicago has canceled its fourteenth season next fall, not as a temporary exigency as against the threat of a strikers' deadline, but as a final and irrevocable act of submission to the rising deficits that have made the production of opera an impossibility in that city and an all but unmanageable task in every other U.S. city where the tradition of live performance is maintained. The Washington Opera Society, which takes pride in its sponsorship of new and neglected works, is in trouble. So is the San Francisco Opera. And across the country the same story is told—not that there are not enough music lovers to keep these institutions alive, but that expenses have skyrocketed past the point where ticket and subscription sales can offset them. The Met in New York, we are told, averages 90 per cent of capacity on any given night in the season. The waiting list for balcony seat subscriptions is 15,000 frustrated persons long. And at the same time, the existence of the Met, as the unions annually remind us, is the merest puny thread which the next jump in production costs may well snap for good and all. When there is nothing more that the buying public can do—when it has already increased its numbers to a phenomenal, indeed to an inadmissible, degree; when it has contributed and donated and tax-deducted and turned out at benefits the year in and out—how does it happen that live opera remains under continual threat of cancellation?

It may be that the spread of the performing arts in a democratic society has carried them into a new era where all the theaters that money can pack will not be enough to encompass them. As with so many other problems in an era of rapid social change, the solution is technological at its base, but the new cultural centers that are springing up across the country are begging a quantitative adjustment which the arts, being human and therefore limited and unreproducible, cannot make. It is not as if each new multimillion-dollar auditorium in New York, Washington, Los Angeles or Toronto brought with it its own Tebaldi, Van Cliburn or Leontyne Price. And as the millions are spent, in construction, in ever more lavish furnishings, in maintenance, in production, in salaries etc., the ticket prices scale new

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heights. Take the case of a gentleman we know, whose life is nourished by opera and who has arranged to pay 25 per cent of the seasonal cost ($900) of a box at the new Met in New York. At a 20 per cent annual assessment ($180) the box was worth keeping. But our friend has just been informed that the annual "voluntary" assessment will now be $2,000, at which price he and his box-mates may well decide to retire to their stereo sets and their memories.

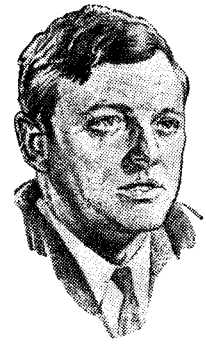
The alternative is pay television. The audience is there. The means are technologically available, and perfectible. The returns on an initial season alone, bringing in via electronics the thousands who now wait outside in the cold, would certainly be worth the cost of an experiment. Not to experiment would be to prolong the situation we are now witnessing, unconscionable in a democracy and unnecessary, in which the cultural goods of life revert to being the possessions of the very, very rich.

On the Right

Recall Senator Church?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

One can understand the impatience of the voters of Idaho to do better for themselves than Senator Frank Church. He is the gentleman best forgotten for his dreadful keynote address at the Democratic convention of 1960. Now his views on Vietnam are not those of the Administration or of the leaders of the Democratic Party, or, it appears, of the citizens of Idaho—who now desire to replace Senator Church by recourse to the populist extreme of recall. My own hope is a) that the recall movement will fail; b) that if it doesn't, that the courts will knock it out; and c) that Senator Church will be conventionally defeated at the polls in the fall of 1968 when he is due to run for re-election.



Buckley

Although the recall movement is being backed primarily by conservatives, it is a most un-conservative thing that they are doing. It is especially strange that some of the people who have associated themselves with the movement adopt as their principal political slogan the motto "This is a republic, not a democracy. Let's keep it that way." One of the more important differences between a republic and a democracy is rule by representatives of the people rather than rule directly by the people themselves. If the latter were truly desirable, we could have running democracy without any difficulty at all by simply plugging in Dr. Gallup to a big IBM machine and turning on the dial. Do you prefer Johnson or Nixon? If the answer on Monday is Nixon 51, Johnson 49, we could simply flash the helicopter to jettison Lyndon, and pop up to New York to fetch Nixon, who then would be President until. . . Do you prefer Nixon or Romney? Tuesday, when Romney comes in.

And so for all the senators, and for all the congressmen, until someone stopped to ask the question: why have any elected officials at all? Why not just constantly submit questions about everything to the voters, and let them decide directly?

Why Not Wait?

The attitude of the gentlemen from Idaho who desire to recall Senator Church reminds one of the importunate citizens of Massachusetts who tried to suggest to John Quincy Adams in the 1830s that his business as congressman was to register exactly their views on public matters. To which the ex-President replied that for such a job clerks were available, that his notion of representative government was not that of someone sent to Washington to transcribe the fluctuations in popular opinion back home, but that of a man in whose capacities the voters have confidence, which confidence they may renew or not at regular intervals.

Those regular intervals are of course specified by the Constitution, and it is unlikely even if the voters of Idaho proceeded to recall Senator Church, that the Senate would comply with the recall. Hinds' *Precedents of the House of Representatives,* as reliable an exegete of the Constitution as any, reminds us that "a State may not add to the qualifications prescribed by the Constitution for members of the Senate and House of Representatives." And gives two examples: "Asserting this principle, the House in 1807 seated a member whose election was contested on the ground that he had not been twelve months a resident of the district from which elected as required by State law. No attempt was made to ascertain whether these requirements were met because the State law was deemed to be unconstitutional. Both the House and Senate have seated members elected during their term of office as state judges, despite the provision of State constitutions purporting to bar the election of judges to any other office under the State or the United States during such term."

No doubt Idaho would argue that to recall a senator is not the same as "adding to the qualifications" prescribed by the Constitution. And no doubt the Senate would reply that that is in effect what is being done to Senator Church: adding the qualification that he shall voice views harmonious with those of the majority. The latter is surely the more reasonable construction.

Why not wait? Nineteen sixty-eight is not so far away, and in the meantime Senator Church is not going to change our foreign policy. He is not, by his eccentric views, threatening the republic nearly so much as the new populists of Idaho.

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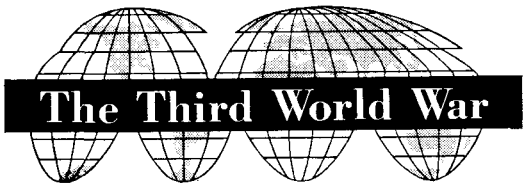

JAMES BURNHAM

The Antidraft Movement

When I was a Trotskyite, the theory and practice of "the united front" used to be a favorite topic for comradely discussion. We made much of a distinction between "principled" and "unprincipled" fronts. It was a principled front when one political tendency joined with another tendency (or other tendencies) to its Right against tendencies still further to the Right, or with a tendency to its Left against those still further to the Left. The front was unprincipled when two tendencies joined against a tendency located between them from the point of view of the Left-Right spectrum that defines dynamic relations in the field of politics.

Burnham

Put summarily: within any given political context, a Left-Center front against the Right, or a Right-Center front against the Left is principled; a Left-Right front against the Center is unprincipled.

It was the Trotskyite teaching that at least one party to an unprincipled united front would be politically injured by it. The desired objective would not be effectively served; the rank and file would be disoriented; both leaders and doctrine would be compromised.

This analysis then seemed to me valid, and still does. Applying it, we may say that there is now taking form in this country an unprincipled united front against the draft. Part of the Right (mostly those referred to in a NATIONAL REVIEW editorial last issue as "libertarian conservatives"—a term that has always seemed to me self-contradictory) is joining up with parts of the Left, including some very far Left indeed, against the Center in an anti-draft movement.

As one externalization of this front, Prof. Milton Friedman, Goldwater economics adviser in 1964, and Sanford Gottlieb, pacifist political director of SANE, jointly announced on May 21 formation of the Council for a Volunteer Military. Sponsors include Karl Hess, Goldwater speechwriter; James Farmer, former director of CORE; James Powell, editor of the right-wing libertarian *New Individualist Review;* and Norman Thomas, everybody's socialist. Young Americans for Freedom are going along with the movement, and YAF's *New Guard* features anti-draft statements by Barry Goldwater, Russell Kirk and Wm. F. Buckley Jr. On the movement's left flank we find, with SANE, the pacifist organizations, Left-liberal Republicans and Democrats, and Students for a Democratic Society—indeed, much of the New Left plus, of course, Cassius Clay, Martin Luther King Jr. and the flag- and draftcard-burners.

In Liberty's Name

Varied as is its political plumage, the antidraft movement does not extend across the board. The square majority that constitutes the national Center is not included. To clasp hands, Left and Right have had to stretch their arms over and across the national Center.

In an unprincipled front of this sort, it is likely that one side is getting conned? Which in this case? The facts give an unambiguous answer.

"The libertarian conservatives would abolish the draft," declared the NATIONAL REVIEW editorial, "in order to enhance the area of liberty. The Left wants to abolish the draft in order to cripple the warmaking potential of the United States."

In other words: The Right has joined the anti-draft movement for doctrinaire, ideological reasons—reasons "of principle" divorced from time and place. The Left has joined for pragmatic, strategic reasons, with its eye on, precisely, the specific circumstances of time and place.

It is therefore the Left component that defines the political—the historical, existential—nature of the antidraft movement. Politically, existentially, the Right component is only an adornment, that is to say, a cover, for the Left. No adherent of the Council for a Volunteer Military, in truth no active antidrafter, can *convincingly* criticize Cassius Clay or the draftcard burners. In political essence they are simply himself with guts, giving their living witness to his principles.

How Come?

As every TV-viewer and newspaper reader knows, the anti-draft movement, as a fact of the present, is an element—a major and effective element—of the *existing* antiwar movement, which is the movement to get the United States to pull out of the Vietnam War.

In summary: The antidraft movement is part of the antiwar movement; the antiwar movement is in its political meaning a defeatist campaign to induce the U.S. to accept a Communist victory in Vietnam. This is the bitter logic of antidraftism, 1967 version. In politics, who says A must say B.

How is it to be explained that some citizens of the Right have fallen into this trap? Some from naiveté; others, seduced by ideology—always an untrustworthy guide to practical conduct. They wonder (as an old music hall song put it), *"How could anything so good* [in this case, Liberty] *be bad?"*

And I rather think that some of them are at heart, or are getting to be, against the war. Murray Rothbard has shown how right-wing libertarianism can lead to almost as anti-U.S. a position as left-wing libertarianism does. And a strain of isolationism has always been endemic in the American Right.

All of us, in truth, feel uneasiness and resentment at this dreary, degrading, drawn-out sort of war that has become the duty of an unwilling nation, forced by the fact of its predominant power into an imperial and conserving role on behalf of its civilization.

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Coalition for Victory in '68: Will LBJ Get Republican Votes?

If Democratic liberals are ready to torpedo their party in '68, as Republican liberals did theirs in '64, how should GOP conservatives vote? For LBJ, says the author

HENRY PAOLUCCI

As the weeks slip by it becomes plainer and plainer that the really decisive happening of November 8, 1966 was the one reported in the *New York Times* under the heading "GOP and Liberals in Texas Happy." Conservative supporters of Sen. John Tower had counted on a liberal "assist" for victory over Waggoner Carr, the Connally-Johnson man. M. Stanton Evans had predicted that Tower's "most vital asset" would be the "disgruntled Texas liberals who don't like Connally or Carr and may stay home." When the votes were counted, conservatives were jubilant, as expected, for everything had "turned out just fine . . . Carr, the Democratic Image, LBJ all went down to ignominious defeat." The newsworthy novelty proved to be that the Texas liberals were equally jubilant, and that "there was no contradiction in this" because, as the *Times* reported, "it had been planned that way." AFL-CIO leaders and other liberals in Texas had planned to defeat the Johnson candidate by as wide a margin as possible "through the passive coalition of Republican conservatives and Democratic liberals"; and so, instead of staying home on election day, disgruntled, they had come out as planned to vote and rejoice with the Republican conservatives.

Perhaps the *Times* story claims too much for Texas liberals. Perhaps the AFL-CIO boast is just face-saving to minimize the conservative significance of the GOP gains around the country. Still, the obvious truth is that liberal Democrats in many states are so dissatisfied with the dominant wing of their national organization that they would rather lose than be stuck with it, not only in state elections, as in Texas, Oregon and New York, but even, and perhaps particularly, in the coming Presidential election. The *New York Post*'s Murray Kempton makes no bones about it. "Mr. Johnson" he says, "could be forgiven for being an appalling man when he offered the illusion of getting things done; now he is simply an appalling man. And we are presented with a number of Republicans considerably more presentable and possibly a little more sensible. There is a real chance that one of them can beat Mr. Johnson in 1968."

Chances are slight that the President can be denied his own party's nomination in '68. The one man who could conceivably do it, Robert Kennedy, is too shrewd to pursue what could be at best only a Pyrrhic victory. Openly divided at the top, the party would have little chance of winning, and not only in '68. Kennedy will therefore support his party's chief next time at least as enthusiastically as he supported Frank O'Connor for governor of New York in the last election. If Johnson is too much for the Democratic liberals to take until 1972, they will simply have to look beyond their party for a suitable alternative.

New Deal Coalition Shaky

The Republican liberals broke up their party in '64 to guarantee a Johnson victory. Now it is the task of the Democratic liberals to work the same maneuver with the tables turned. They have already mounted a hate campaign against Johnson that dwarfs the proportions of the most vicious liberal attacks on Goldwater. In liberal circles everywhere, Johnson is now openly accused of being a killer in Dallas as well as in Vietnam. He is an appalling man because he is actually doing what Goldwater was charged with wanting to do, and because he treats the remnants of the liberal intelligentsia in Washington with utter contempt. It is hard to conceive of a Republican Presidential candidate whom the bipartisan liberal intelligentsia would not prefer to Johnson.

In New York we have just seen what sort of shambles can be made of a once powerful Democratic organization when the liberal intelligentsia deserts it. Is Johnson's national coalition equally vulnerable? Here is what James Reston, with his usual strategic timing, said about it right after the last election:

> The race issue, the rise of taxes and the cost of war are breaking up the old Roosevelt coalition of the South, the urban poor and the intellectuals. What one group wants the other rejects. The Negroes want open housing, for example, but many white workers oppose it. The normally Democratic workingman may support the war, but many of the normally Democratic intellectuals are against it. This can be demonstrated in one state election after another.

The New Deal coalition had been from the beginning an unnatural one, held together only by the cunning of the liberal intelligentsia that forged it for Roosevelt. In Al Smith's day the Democratic coalition had been "middleclass" in the strict, traditional sense, with well-to-do Republicans above it and a mass of Negro freedmen below it. Republicans could descend into it by becoming or considering themselves poor, and Negroes could rise into it by migrating from the defeated South to the industrial North to join the ranks of immigrant workers. Under Roosevelt the liberal elite had its opportunity to work the coalition down to the bottom, transforming it into a distinctly lower-class foundation for democratic or proletarian monarchy. That unnatural coalition worked to re-elect FDR three times; and it has won for Truman, Kennedy and Johnson. But it remains what it was in the beginning:

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a political stunt sustained by intellectual cunning and public bribery, on an unprecedented scale, of an ever broadening unproductive proletariat which will vote together only so long as it is bribed together. If the liberal intelligentsia lets go, if it begins to criticize publicly what it has labored for decades to gloss over, the Southern segregationists will vote for Wallace, the Northern diehard working-class Democrats will sulk with Kennedy or vote conservative, Negroes North and South will return to the party of Lincoln, which is now also the party of Senator Brooke of Massachusetts, and the Democratic intelligentsia will funnel its skills through the ADA into the Ripon Society of the Republican Party. Ripon, one should recall, is the name of the town in Wisconsin where, it is claimed, dissident Northern Democrats merged in 1854 with the newly formed Republican Party that went on to elect Lincoln and crush the South.

But will the dissident Democratic liberals insist on a Ripon Republican candidate? That would hardly be wise. If Johnson is to be defeated, a way will have to be found for the Republicans to hold on to whatever is meant by the backlash vote. No, the Republican nominee won't have to be a "stop-Goldwater" veteran to satisfy the anti-Johnson Democrats in this hour of crisis; they will require only that it be someone enlightened enough to realize that the all-important thing for '68 is to win, that party unity is the way to win, and that Paris—as Henry of Navarre said when he abjured his professed Protestant faith to become King of France—is worth a Mass.

Conservatives for LBJ?

The question for conservatives is this: Will they persist in working to defeat Johnson if it appears that the bipartisan liberal cabal is working even harder than they toward the same end? The GOP has never before been offered the kind of support for a Presidential campaign which the Democratic liberal establishment seems prepared to offer it now. Even in the days of the Eisenhower victory over Taft, the internationalists who helped to scuttle Taft preferred to stand up proudly in the end to lose with Adlai Stevenson. Will the GOP leaders be able to resist the tempting offer? Will the conservatives warn the party that, if it puts up a man whom their ideological opposites prefer to Johnson, they will desert it? The likelihood is that Nixon and Goldwater, as party stalwarts, will support the convention's choice whoever it chances to be. But the graver danger is that liberal Republicans may agree in advance to do the same, asking only that the nominee be broad-minded enough not to alienate the progressives and moderates of both parties who now oppose the Johnson they worked so hard to elect when he was mouthing the ADA internationalist foreign-policy line. Unite to beat Johnson, the War President—the Democratic internationalists will say—and we'll help you write your libertarian, fiscal-responsibility tracts.

A few days after the last election,

Richard Nixon said something that made the liberal intelligentsia catch at his words the way Lady Macbeth caught at the words of the messenger who reported King Duncan's intention to visit her palace that fateful night. Out of the depths of her ambition escaped the cry: "Thou'rt mad to say it!" On November 11 Nixon said: "The peace party always wins. I know my own party. If the war is still going on in '68, there is no power on earth can keep them from trying to outbid the Democrats for the peace vote." Was he mad to say it?

Nixon's realistic words were quickly taken up by the leftist establishment. I. F. Stone's weekly newsletter flourished them as a banner, and reproduced them in several ads strategically placed in liberal newspapers. The apparent purpose has been to warn Johnson that he had better stop killing in Vietnam and begin to make peace with the peace vote—or else! But I. F. Stone's conclusion is unambiguous:

> If Johnson does not heed the message, the Republicans will. Many of us will see a Republican victory again—as in 1952—as the only way to end an Asian war. The price will be the end of that progress on the home front which began under Kennedy and took on real momentum under Johnson before he made his error in February 1965, in the skies over North Vietnam. Even another interlude of social stagnation and lackluster leadership will not be too high a price to pay for peace if Johnson does not change course.

What a tragic irony it would be if the growing conservative movement allowed itself, because of ideological inertia, to be used at this time to frustrate its chief end. Its chief end, now, must be to stiffen this nation's will to survive as a sovereign state under the pressure of enemies foreign and domestic who would prefer to see it dead and buried, whether through Trotskyite subversion, Maoist violence, or liberal euthanasia. To survive as a nation, the United States must stand firm where its troops and its will have been committed, resisting Communist imperialism as well as American one-worldism in its many varieties. Standing firm, as Johnson seems prepared to do, the United States can eventually tame not only the Russians and the Chinese but even the African peoples into accepting civilized membership in the family of sovereign nations that recognize the right of each to defend its integrity to the measure of its common will and courage. President Johnson should not be forced, by a political squeeze-play from left and right, to choose between escalation to "total victory" before '68 and getting out like a repentant aggressor.

In the event of a "passive coalition" of liberal Democrats, Ripon Republicans, and libertarian conservatives against Johnson in 1968, the conscience of this conservative nationalist would require him to stick with the appalling man whom the internationalist liberals helped to elect but failed to educate.

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The New Left & The Old Right

Mr. Geltman analyzes why the American New Left of the Sixties only superficially resembles the Nazi youth movement of the Twenties

MAX GELTMAN

As the year 1966 was drawing to a close, Professor Charles Susskind of the University of California summed up his opinions of the student demonstrators on the Berkeley campus in these words: "I don't know why they think of themselves as the New Left. Their methods look to me much more like those of the Nazi students whom I saw in the 1930s harassing deans, hounding professors and their families, making public disturbances, and interfering with lectures, until only professors sympathetic to the Nazi cause remained." The professor's comparison of the New Left with the Old Right is not only apt but just.

It is sometimes forgotten that the Hitler youth took to the streets of Berlin in the years immediately preceding 1933 with the cry, "Out with the old crap." For those not too familiar with the inelegant terminology of the youthful Nazis, it should be noted that they got it straight from a letter Karl Marx wrote to his friend Dr. Ludwig Kugelmann. And Marxists today, in instances too numerous to mention, are fond of repeating the "same old crap" as if they were words of divine revelation.

But when the Nazis of the Left, the Beefsteak Nazis as they were called —brown on the outside and red on the inside—ranted their cries of "down with theory, only action counts," they were indeed imprinting an ideology all their own with hobnailed boots over the body of the German nation. This ideology was largely an amalgam of racism, nationalism and Marxism, couched in terms of action, action, action. To a large extent mindlessness was its great appeal, but a kind of mindlessness that would lead ultimately to the destruction of the mind itself. But even the most inarticulate conception needs someone to verbalize it for the masses who, in the end, do all the *acting* when the actions are called for. So the "armed barbarians" of Nazism, the Brown Shirt intellectuals, went about finding virtues in the actions of the man in the street—the street fighter, the speechless apostle of the deed—and both Hitler for his movement (National Socialism) and Karl Radek for his (Communism) found him in the person of Leo Schlageter, the primordial martyr of Nazism, killed in a street brawl in Berlin in 1923 and mourned by Hitler and apostrophized by Radek as the symbol of the fallen proletariat.

Later the Schlageters—the millions of them, imbued with the theory-less theory of action—would go about knocking the brains out of anyone who stood in their way (on university campus or off) in the march toward the chiliastic apocalypse of the *Now*. Freedom now, they shouted. Action! Speech is dead! We want action now! They got plenty of it during the next two decades.

Protest Against Satiety

But America of the Sixties is not Germany of the Twenties. Here history is merely repeating itself as farce. Our "alienated" student rebels and New Leftists are not rebelling against a nation in poverty—the lib-Left poverty slogans of our day are mostly a matter of demagogy to help a few nerveless politicians to well-paying jobs at the public expense—they are protesting, it would seem, against too much of everything. Too much schooling, too much spending money, too much idleness, too much free entertainment on and off TV, and too much permissiveness in general. What they are seeking is a free ride to power, without the consequences or the responsibility of thinking things through. Thinking is hard work, and they would prefer to have others do it for them. That is why so much of their behavior is motivated by a compulsion for action—not serious involvement. When some of them do try to express themselves it usually comes in halting sentences beginning with "like" and ending with "man." Or they assume a kind of military shorthand to describe their most piddling activities. Here is the way one leading representative of the New Left responded to a discussion of the subject in the over-cerebrated *Partisan Review*, Tom Hayden reporting:

"*Monday*: Staff meeting at 10:00. Mike was supposed to have found bail money for this afternoon in case we have trouble. We didn't." Etcetera.

"*Noon*: Tied up with phone calls to Episcopalian civil rights committee in New York; fund raising always hectic, but the bills get paid. Finally got to 18th Avenue at 2:00 o'clock. Told Mrs. Queen, who lives in a two-room place with no toilet or closet, about the demonstration. Said she'd be there." Etcetera.

"*Four O'Clock*: The people on the other block, Avon Avenue, were in a different situation. They had seen someone from the Traffic Division . . . [This minute-by-minute log of the day's revolutionary activities is concerned with a demonstration—for a traffic light. But let's continue the day's military events and skirmishes.]

"*Eleven O'Clock*: Came back to apartment after eating with Sampson, who was jubilant." (Cause of joy the fact that "the captain from the Fourth Precinct" made a call to the Deputy Mayor, who promised "an immediate 'traffic study' to determine if a traffic light is needed.")

Did I say farce? Of course I did and I meant it. All the more so since Sargent Shriver, another contributor to the *PR* symposium on the "New Radicalism" found it necessary to present his credentials as an intellectual by quoting Gertrude Stein's "It's hard to write poetry in a late age," and ending with the tired old words of the New Left, "Don't get hung up." At the same time—and with an assist

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from David Riesman—he felt called upon to defend himself and the Peace Corps with the advice to the young that "half of Gandhi" is not enough. I should think it would be too much.

But Mr. Shriver is not really part of the New Left and neither are the other middle-aged and middle-class intellectuals who are drawn to its mystique in a way that is sad, for it is so obviously a ploy to recapture their own lost youth when things were jolly and gay and one was still without responsibility of wife and children and job, and ideas for remolding the world in the image of a utopian socialism had not yet been tarnished by the concentration camps of Stalin and the gas chambers of Hitler. Still some of our Old Left intellectuals can't seem to tear themselves away from the incoherent attractions of the New Left.

MacDougal Street: the World?

Jack Newfield of the *Village Voice,* the middling and middle-aged (by teeny-bopper standards, at least, to which he is partial) voyeur of New Left folkways, is all for the inarticulate mindlessness of the New Left at the same time he finds the articulate mindlessness of Irving Howe rather a bore. Can't fault him much for that. Not because Howe's ideologism isn't more attractive as ideologies go these days, still, as so much antiquated baggage Howe can no more divest himself of his depression-imposed socio-pathologic environment than Newfield of his well-fed Greenwich Village beat. MacDougal Street is all the world for him, and big enough a world for a small revolution in art, manners and life—such as it is—all of it smeared with pizza and pasta sauce, the girls so dirty and the boys so hairy; the art so faky and the protest so perverse that if one took away from them a half-dozen four-letter words they would all become speechless.

Murray Kempton, however, finds the essential mindlessness of both rather stimulating. Like most good word-slingers (and Kempton is better at this than Howe and Newfield), he has an ill-concealed envy for the inarticulate. Oh, if only one didn't have to employ words to earn one's daily bread! Thus he drools with appreciation at the way Stokely Carmichael expresses himself: "I just got into that Bob Moses bag. I had to see what I could down in the place no one else could go." Influenced by this assault on the language, Mr. Kempton concludes his own contribution to the subject in the *New York Review of Books* with a wild disregard for the rules of common sense and grammar, thus: ". . . The tidal fact about the New Left and those of us who are older but still have trouble lying to ourselves is that none of us know what to do." Some of us know. But Kempton doesn't.

Perhaps the ones best equipped to write about the New Left are the young. After all, they ought to know what is troubling them even if they can't quite articulate it as well as their elders. But what is most astonishing in all this pother about the *new* Left is that its authentic heroes and spiritual guides are among the oldest men alive in the world today. Bertrand Russell in his nineties and A. J. Muste in his eighties were (until Muste's death this spring) the sun and the moon around which the juvenile rebels revolved as mere satellites. (The nonagenarian trying desperately to relive his nonage and the octogenarian reveling in a bit of violent glory denied him all his four-score pacifist years are perhaps explainable in terms of the ravages of time on the human mind. That certain young people in America, and elsewhere, should embrace them as heroes of the *new* is a strange phenomenon indeed.)

Strange Bedfellows

Others in an advanced stage of a disintegrating middle age with whom the New Left sometimes identifies include men like Eric Fromm, who cannot tell fact from fantasy, and Paul Goodman, who *says* things better than he *writes* them. Both of these can be said to be "hung-up" on something they really don't understand. It is possible for this reason that the movement has been better understood by young men of the Right who have written on the theme in depth and with a good deal of insight and intelligence.

Phillip Abbot Luce, himself former-

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ly a dedicated and committed member of the New Left, has published the best book on the subject so far. And David Greenwald, a graduate student at the University of California in Berkeley, has written a fine essay about our youthful rebels in the conservative *Intercollegiate Review*. (I would argue only with Mr. Greenwald's need to compare the antics of the less inhibited members of the New Left with the wild ecstasies of the Dionysian cults of ancient Greece. A parallel closer to hand—although not too close—especially in its mindless-godless manifestations, can be found in the orgiastic fanaticism of such cults as the Ranters in Cromwell's England.)

With all this it should be kept in mind that not all the New Left is as innocent in rebellion against an older generation as some on both sides of the aisle have presumed. Much of it is guided and manipulated by hard-core professionals, ranging all the way from Soviet-loving Bettina Aptheker in California to the American branch of Mao's Red Guards coagulated in the Progressive Labor Party.

Berkeley Dissected

In recent days we have seen that some of the protest at Berkeley with which one could sympathize originally was not quite the innocent rebellion of young people wanting more of an identity than the "multiversity" was prepared to offer. Of course for most of them it was just that. But for certain others, for the professional non-student rioter like Mario Savio or the professional Communist on the campus, it was much more than that. For them it was a means to an end, even if Miss Aptheker's ends are not quite the same as Mr. Savio's (whose ends are perhaps not even clear to himself). Now that Dr. Clark Kerr is out as president of the university, Mario is prepared to forgive him his sins, and Bettina is urging her comrades on toward the governor's mansion to strike at the root of power itself, as it were, campus capers being too tame for her in any case.

Leslie Fiedler, a wise old owl of the Old Left, thinks he understands the mindlessness of the New Left's agitation on the campus as simply the desire of some students to call the professor "a fink." But this does not explain the fact that in many instances it was the professor himself, the "fink," who egged the young stalwarts on. What is so pathetic about all this is that this is probably the first generation of rebels in all history which has had its protest virtually underwritten by some of the most sacred institutions of the Establishment—from the Ford Foundation to the *New York Times*. No wonder that some of them who wanted a protest all their own found it in an escape from the real world into the never-never land of the hallucinatory drugs. If only the prevailing liberalism of an older generation had not been so damned tolerant of their activities, hell, man, the protest might have lasted at least until one got his Ph.D. But even this was denied them.

Surely the young have a right to be wrong. But not wrong in the way their fathers were. In this connection, it is a pleasure to read how young Mr. Luce broke from the movement which had entrapped him without once resorting to the kind of "God-that-failed" apologia for his sins that was the custom with the older comrades when they broke with the Soviet myth. Not that such literature of heartache did not influence him. It did. But in closing his book he is capable of a real affirmation, one that his brothers of a generation ago, could not make. Quoting from Supreme Court Justice Holmes that "it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived," Luce adds: "Young people should follow this advice and involve themselves more and more in politics in this country. . . . We are obliged to do better than our parents in governing. . . . But we will never succeed in solving anything if we listen to the Communists, be they young or old." The only thing which he was probably mistaken about was the durability of the movement from which he had just broken. But that is understandable.

The New Left seemed so formidable a force a short time ago. But today it is being written off even by its early sponsors. Only a hard core of turbulent Vietniks, aided and abetted by some old men on and off the campus, still pursue the theme. In California it is possible that Ronald Reagan is in for a spell of deviltry, but this too will dissipate itself as soon as the Clark Kerr affair is forgotten. Meanwhile all that is left to record of New Left victories is the organization of a couple of Chinese-oriented Marxist groups who know Mao as little as they know Marx; Stokely Carmichael's sudden emergence as the leader of an almost all-white, all middle-class Puerto Rican movement demanding independence *now*; a poetry reading in Washington Square, New York, by Allen Ginsberg, who titillated the young ladies in the crowd by calling the President a dirty name; and the formation of the new cult of LSD by its divine inspirator, Timothy Leary. Its major contribution to the culture of the

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times was a drama in blank verse—more blank than verse, as Dwight Macdonald opined—which told in broken pentameters how the present incumbent in the White House murdered his predecessor with the aid and connivance of the First Lady of the land. No wonder Murray Kempton (friend and partisan of the New Left) concludes his article with a plea for another try. Suddenly assuming the role of mystic he asks that someone sit down and write across the title page of his bright new manuscript the cryptic words "What is to be done?" This is his new hope and his new dream—that someone will *once again* inscribe the same, old, tired monosyllables of Lenin's and then, like a flash, the world will be made new and the millennium of the here and now will be achieved. But when Lenin asked himself "What is to be done?", he knew the answer all along. It seems a pity that the lessons so clearly implicit in the answers applied by the Bolsheviks in their seizure of power (and emulated with a bloody finesse by the Brown Bolsheviks in Germany) have not yet been fully absorbed by otherwise thoughful people who, for a time, thought to channel the energies of the nation's youth into a mindlessness of action that brought back the horrible memories of the Hitlerite years to a professor at the University of California in Berkeley.

Kooksville, c/o Partisan Review

Little Old Professors in Tennis Shoes

JEFFREY HART

Students of cultural commentary are well aware of what might be called The Mirror Effect, in which a writer finds in his opponents vices which most conspicuously are his own or his friends.' Thus Critic A, several times caught publicly in flagrant canards, publishes his collected essays and reviews—and reveals that most of his opponents are *liars*. Thus Professor B, visibly a Yahoo, habitually finds his enemies to be deficient in taste (Wallace Markfield has much to say about this phenomenon).

Now in recent years, such social scientists as Daniel Bell, Richard Hofstader and David Riesman, and such publicists as Arnold Forster, have developed a "portrait" of the American right-wing extremist, enshrining it in such books as *The Radical Right, Anti-Intellectualism in American Life* (a Pulitzer Prize winner), and *Danger on the Right*. The features of this portrait are familiar enough: the extremist exhibits "indignation," he believes in "conspiracies," he "feels persecuted," his language is "violent," he may even resort to "violence." For all I know, this description may well fit certain kooks out on the fringes of our culture, whether or not in tennis shoes. What *is* startling is to find that the Bell-Hofstader - Riesman - Forster portrait also applies to our literary establishment and its academic offshoots, not only to Minutemen and Birchers but to the Ward Professor of Linguistics at MIT, to an Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities in the N.Y. State University, to an Assistant Professor of Psychology and Education at Columbia, to the *New York Review of Books*, to *Partisan Review*.

Extremism Compounded

According to Bell, the extremist is characterized by "indignation," and he habitually converts politics into moral issues remote from ordinary give-and-take and political compromise. According to Noam Chomsky, Ward Professor of Linguistics at MIT, American involvement in Vietnam is an "atrocity," and his language—"genocide," "final solution"—implies its similarity to Nazi crimes. (*N.Y. Review of Books*, 2-23-67). As far as H. Stuart Hughes is concerned, "we and the President are living in two different ideological worlds" (*Partisan Review*, Winter '67), and in the same issue Nat Hentoff calls for a domestic politics of "confrontation, not accommodation."

Professor Talcott Parsons of Harvard informs us that the extremist exhibits "high levels of anxiety and aggression," that what he has to say is "heavily weighted with emotion," is "overdetermined, as the psychologists say." According to Susan Sontag of the Columbia Religion Department, "Vietnam is a genocidal expedition," "the quality of American life is an insult to the possibilities of human growth," the "white race is the cancer of human history," the U.S. Government is "staffed by Cossacks and peasants" (i.e., anti-Semites), the U.S. is a "passionately racist country." Paul Jacobs weighs in with the news that "madness surrounds us on all sides." Nat Hentoff tells us that the 1966 elections revealed "the fundamentally racist character of the majority of the white adult population," (all of the above in *Partisan Review*, Winter '67). Not to be outdone, Robert Lekachman, Professor of Economics in the N.Y. State University, informs us the U.S. is a "racist country" (*Commentary*, January '67).

According to Richard Hofstader, the extremist "believes himself to be living in a world in which he is spied upon, plotted against, betrayed." He exhibits a "persistent fear and suspicion" of his own government. He tends to explain events as the product of "conspiracy." For illustration of this syndrome, one turns at once to the *New York Review of Books*. In the July 28, 1966 issue, Richard Popkin in a lengthy article posits a "second Oswald," a *doppelganger* who in fact did the shooting. See also the theories of Fred Cook (the *Nation*), Mark Lane, et al. who maintain, variously, that the Warren Commission, the FBI, the Dallas police, the doctors conducting the autopsy, etc. are lying, betraying, conspiring. As far as Vietnam is concerned Chomsky refers to "the incredible series of lies on the part of our government and its spokesmen," and Hentoff tells us that "Johnson is not to be trusted. Nor are Rusk, McNamara, Shriver, etc." (One wonders just how embracing this "etc." may be!) The *New York Review of Books*' expert on the origins of the cold war, Gar Alperowitz, thinks that Russian intentions were of minor significance in starting it, that Allen Dulles bears much of the

(Continued on p. 652)

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Faded Splendor of a Royal Line

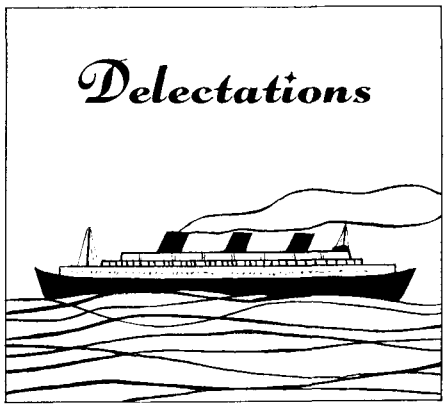
FERDINAND MOUNT

Orange rust stains the lifeboat davits. In the Verandah Grill the caviar flows free for passengers determined to get their fare's worth. Splendor and decay bedeck the *Queen Mary* like Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard.* But the splendor is too expensive and leisurely for today's getaway people. Who can admit to having five days to spare when the jets commute between London and New York in six hours? And the honorable decay is painfully evident after thirty years of service in war and peace.

The announcement from Cunard chairman Sir Basil Smallpeice that the *Queen Mary* is to go out of service in October was long expected. Stewards and seamen have been drifting away from the ship over the past year, fearful of the competition with the *Queen Elizabeth* staff for jobs on the new Q4. How long can you keep a ship afloat that loses $2 million a year and has been losing money for six years? Most companies would have scrapped the *Queens* long before. When Smallpeice, a recruit from the shiny aluminum world of British Overseas Airways, took over, he found it ludicrous that the company's HQ should be in Liverpool when the big liners operated out of Southampton. Yet when he tried to switch, the city fathers of Liverpool begged Cunard to stay. Merseyside without Cunard would be like the Vatican without the Pope. But Cunard moved and saved an estimated $2 million a year. The liners are still losing $7.5 million a year.

Brochures for the *Queens* stress tradition. You expect some tottering greybeard to shower you with soup or succumb to a coronary at your feet. But Cunard's claims are fair. With only the discreetest of tip-winning smiles, the stewards whisper hints on etiquette. "Never change for dinner when we are in port, sir." "I wouldn't recommend the keep-fit classes on the tourist sundeck." Flattery, too. "You can always recognize a Verandah Grill passenger, sir . . . the moment you came in . . ." The voice trails away, modulated by thirty-odd years of training. A Verandah Grill passenger, the last of the big spenders, Gaylord Mitty travels Cunard. In pleasant but unromantic fact, the Verandah people merely pay an extra $2.80 a meal to eat with a view of the sea—instead of in the vast, claustrophobic dining-room down by the swimming pool in the bowels of the ship.

And always the gentle undertow of talk, with the prospect of five days with nothing to do if you are a steward and less than nothing if you are a passenger. The wine steward talks of the poker school he has assembled. "A few of the younger lads. There's not the money around that there used to be, of course. But I manage all right, I manage."



The gymnasium instructor, twinkling, broken-nosed Liverpool-Italian, tells you of his tour of the U.S. with Nel Tarleton when they were the two best fighters in Europe at their weights almost forty years ago:

"Earning a hundred and fifty pound a night each for exhibition matches, we were. Big money in those days. We stayed in all the best hotels. But of course the manager took his cut and there were all the expenses to pay. Not much of it left now. Still, I've no regrets. I've kept myself in good physical shape. Now then, take a good breath, sir. . . ." In the smoking room, passengers and stewards show one another photographs of their children, their dogs, their swimming pools, even the new decor of their bedrooms.

The friendly atmosphere and service—the adman's prose made flesh—that is what brings the same passengers back to the *Queens* year after year. But because they are the same passengers, their numbers dwindle. The executive vice president of Doubleday and Mrs. Milton Runyon meet the president of Wilkinson Sword and Mrs. Randolph. They have often met on Cunarders before. Mr. Runyon's robust cry of "Shake the Bag" during bingo has shaken the first-class lounge for many seasons. The Randolphs, spry and cheerful, are both a little deaf. A steward stands behind their chairs to make sure they don't miss the numbers when they are called out. "Two little girls from Pompey, forty-four, four and four . . . Betty Grable's legs, all the ones, number ee-leven . . . Sweet sixteen, never been kissed [pause] on the boat deck of the *Queen Mary.*" But the cries ring somewhat hollow in the enormous public rooms. For the ship is three-quarters empty—500 passengers out of a possible 2,000. The previous run had been more popular. They had been queuing for reservations in the Verandah Grill.

The games—bingo, horse-racing with dice, the pool on the day's run, the general knowledge quiz—are ancient rites, but they are maintained with devotion and pleasure by the acolytes. And everyone turns out on Sunday to pray for the Queen and the President of the United States. Captain P.A. Read, DSC (Cdr. RNR retired) (the famous Captain Treasure Jones, an old friend of the Randolphs and the Runyons, is on leave) takes the service amid the Thirties chromium-and-veneer of the lounge.

Praise Him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress.
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.

During the hymn, the ship rolls awkwardly in the mild swell. The "level-ride stabilizers" have never properly corrected the *Queen Mary*'s awkward gait. But her speed still impresses. Halfway out, the *Queen Mary* meets the *Queen Elizabeth*—25 years ago the two largest and fastest ships in the world. They ride proudly past each other at a combined speed of sixty knots, passengers crowding to the rail, each ship's foghorn giving three ritual blasts, sun shining on the white superstructures, two dignified dinosaurs of the sea. *Morituri te salutamus.* Later in the clouding sky, the roar of an unseen jet, its conquest of the Atlantic now confirmed.

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Letter from London

De Gaulle, Non!

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

It is (if one minds about that) a travesty of democracy. Britain's application to join the Common Market must, if it succeeds, radically affect the lives of all her citizens for generations to come: but the citizens are being, and apparently will be, given no opportunity to express their wishes one way or the other. Since the leaders of all three political parties are committed to taking Britain into Europe if they can, the electorate, even if there were an election tomorrow, would have no means of voting against it.

At the last two elections people might reasonably have supposed that a vote for the Labor Party was a vote against the Common Market. Harold Wilson himself had said there was "no question at present" of a British application to join. "We are not entitled," as he put it on a previous occasion, "to sell our friends and kinsmen down the river for some imaginary advantage in selling washing machines in Dusseldorf."

It would be a rash voter—but I'm afraid there were a lot of rash voters—who took Mr. Wilson's word for anything ever. His conversion seems, characteristically, to stem less from any fresh thinking about the Common Market than from personal ambition. He has been frustrated in a whole series of attempts to play the Great International Statesman. He was rebuffed as a Vietnam peacemaker, politely ignored as an honest broker between Moscow and Washington, rudely defied by Rhodesia, insulted by Black Africans and lectured by Swiss bankers. But here, he thinks, is an opportunity, perhaps the only remaining opportunity, for a spectacular initiative. He sees himself, not only as having transformed Britain, but becoming the most important figure on the European stage. "After all," he's reported to have said, "I am 25 years younger than de Gaulle."

Like most professional socialists, he is a democrat in theory rather than practice; that is, he believes that, when the people happen to disagree with him, they are suffering from shortsightedness, and must be dragooned into doing what's best for them.

If there were a referendum in Britain on whether or not to join the Common Market, public opinion polls suggest that the result would be approximately fifty-fifty. Not that most people even now have any very clear notion of what's at stake. A television audience was asked recently if it could think of any subject more boring than the Common Market—and no one could. The arguments are too complex, the consequences, whether of going in or of staying out, seem too remote and too uncertain.

Atlantic Free Trade Area?

Perhaps in this respect at least Mr. Wilson is right, and this isn't a suitable question—is too important a question, cynics might say—to put to the electorate. Allow me, then, simply to state a personal view.

While Mr. Wilson has been converted in one direction, I have been converted in the other. When Britain was trying to get into the Common Market before, I thought, rather reluctantly, that the attempt was justified, that on balance Britain ought to go in. The competition of European industry would, I hoped, stimulate Britain's sluggish economy and shake up the labor unions, and the capitalist assumptions of the Common Market might curb Britain's drift to socialism.

These arguments probably still apply, but are now outweighed, in my opinion, by larger considerations.

It has become much clearer than it was then that Europe, under General de Gaulle's influence (but not, I think, solely because of his influence), is being conceived increasingly in anti-American Third Force terms. The price of Britain's admission would almost certainly include a further "dissociation" from the war in Vietnam; a war which I believe, and which the British government is on record as believing, to be a just and necessary one. And this would be only the beginning. As one newspaper said, "de Gaulle will be watching Mr. Wilson very closely for positive proof that he is now putting European political goals before the demands of the Atlantic Alliance."

Exactly. And this seems to me the wrong order of priorities.

The advocates of Britain-in-Europe tend to say that there's no alternative; that Britain must have access to a larger economic unit and, since the Commonwealth is no longer a live option, this means Europe. But, of course, there is an alternative, and, to me, a much more attractive one: an Atlantic Free Trade Area.

This idea has been discussed, almost in clandestine whispers, among private groups in Canada, America and Britain: and, since last autumn, a special interdepartmental committee of British civil servants has been examining the possibilities, as a fallback position in case the door to Europe should be slammed again. The mere existence of this committee was deliberately kept quiet, for

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Punch Ben Roth Agency

"Reckon my lot just about sums it up. 1% strongly for the Common Market, 1% strongly against, and 98% really don't know."

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The Rose-Colored World of Intourist

EDWARD C. DIEDRICH

When the customs official at Leningrad Airport had finished going through my baggage, he took me aside and asked me how long I would be staying in the Soviet Union. "About a month," I told him. "You'll learn a lot in that time," he said. "You'll see for yourself that our socialist way is the best way."

"We'll see," I replied.

"Now about your baggage." His voice had dropped several notches. "Is there anything in it that you would like to sell?"

This exchange—highlighting the acute shortage of consumer goods in the USSR—still stands out among my memories of my trip to the Soviet Union. The tourist cannot ignore the people who roam Gorky Street trying to buy almost anything he is willing to sell. If the visitor sold the Russians everything they wanted to buy, he would continue his journey naked as a jaybird.

Another time I was watching a food line on Bakunin Street in Leningrad. It was closing time, but a couple of hundred people were still in line; some of them had been there for several hours. Whenever a customer left several others would force their way in. A clerk tried to block a sweet-looking old lady, she bashed him in the face with her handbag.

Finally, a militiaman arrived in response to the manager's summons, but the crowd drew his attention to the door and then forced entrance from another direction. Exasperated, he lashed out with his hands and sent several people sprawling to the sidewalk.

Two on a Kitchen Range

Food is not the only commodity in short supply. While in Bukhara I witnessed a wild scene in front of a store which had just received a shipment of three hundred pairs of Italian-made shoes. The store was asking $18 for a pair of simple summer sandals; ladies' pumps brought $33 a pair. Within a very short time the crowd had grown so large that traffic was disrupted and the store closed.

Russians joke about long food and shopping lines, but they see nothing funny in the acute shortage of apartments. This shortage deprives them of the privacy essential to human dignity. In most of the older Russian apartments a single room, shared by two or even three families, is partitioned by nothing but suspended bedsheets. Rooms in Soviet apartments are much smaller than in most American apartments, and separate sleeping quarters for parents and children are very rare. Closet and cupboard space is non-existent, and communal kitchens and bathrooms, the rule.

Perhaps the most fought-over item in such households is the stove. Tempers can get so far out of hand that when housewife A leaves her pot of stew boiling on the stove, housewife B may empty a sack of salt into it. Russian stores actually sell pot-locks to secure one's kitchenware against such intrusions. However, this device does not prevent housewife B from turning off the gas.

One of the reasons for low production of consumer goods in the USSR is heavy employment in administrative tasks, many of them unnecessary or actually obstructive. For example, visitors to Intourist restaurants soon realize that they must count on long waits for service because of forms the waiters and cooks have to fill out. At the Lenin Public Library in Moscow, I was told that I would need an admission card in order to use the reading room. To obtain it I had to fill out two lengthy personal history forms. I then had to show the card to a librarian who gave me an admission pass. This got me into the reading room, but then I had to worry about how to get out. To do so I had to furnish more information to another librarian and a militiaman. In the Lenin Library, incidentally, books are filed by physical size, not subject matter, and a three-to-four hour wait for a few of them is not uncommon.

Does the average Russian ever try to beat the system? Sometimes. Occasionally on Gorky Street I saw pedestrians trying to bribe the drivers of food delivery trucks into parting with some of their wares. I was myself approached by a fifteen-year-old boy who makes his living selling Soviet military insignia and decorations to foreigners. Later I learned that he had a working arrangement with an employee in a military store. A recent spectacular incident involved every single employee of Moscow's Juroslavsky railway station. Official cafeteria regulations require that 400 grams of coffee be used in each urn prepared. Juroslavsky employees used only 200 grams per urn and disposed of the balance on the black market. Before they were finished, the police had haled in everyone from the humblest porter to a former stationmaster.

Support for Sinyavsky, Daniel

One aspect of Soviet life that is particularly burdensome to the younger generation is the ban on contacts with foreigners. The student who is caught violating this prohibition faces expulsion from school or, at the very least, a public dressing down. The government also employs special squads of young toughs known as *Druzhiniks*. They work for the Young Communist League (Komsomol), a quasi-police force that assists the KGB (secret police). They have the power to arrest and pick up unwary Soviet citizens who have made the acquaintance of Westerners.

Of course, there are anti-Communists in the Soviet Union. During the trial of the writers Sinyavsky and Daniel there was one very important incident that was all but lost in the flood of sympathy for the defendants. Undeterred by verbal abuse from several hundred Komsomol members, some fifty supporters of the two writers stood in silent protest outside the building where the trial was being held. Insignificant by American standards, it was nevertheless an important demonstration.

There are other such groups and some of them give every indication that they are getting ready for an underground role. These "New People" as they sometimes call themselves are drawn almost exclusively from the younger generation. They are eager to get hold of Western literature, often at the risk of arousing the wrath of the *Druzhiniks*. It isn't easy, but the tourist with time to spend in Moscow and the willingness to take a few chances may very well meet some of them.

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It didn't happen to me at once. I had been in Moscow for a week when I stepped inside a friendly-looking bar. For a few moments it was almost as if I were back in New York. Most of the Russians present spoke at least a little English, and the music they were twisting to could have been heard in the Peppermint Lounge. The girls were secretaries, file clerks and telephone operators, and when they weren't twisting they would discuss Western fashions. Many of their boyfriends were unlicensed "gypsy" taxicab drivers who, when they weren't twisting, would discuss black market operations. After I had convinced the male element that I didn't care to sell anything I was wearing, we all settled down and became friends.

A surprising number of them were former members of Komsomol. They had been expelled for one reason or another, many of them for having asked too many embarrassing questions during ideological discussions. They veered on the cocksure. "There is nothing you can tell me about your country," one of them told me. "I know all about America because I read its two most important magazines, *Time* and *Playboy*."

The *Druzhiniks* harass groups such as these without mercy. Black market activities draw heavy prison terms. Lesser charges of "immorality" usually result in fifteen-day sentences. Two such sentences make the offender eligible for "re-education" on a work project in Siberia. I was told that almost all of the charter members of this particular group had taken the long trip east. They were always replaced, however, with other young people who had experienced the same disillusionment with their country's way of life. I kept returning to the bar and just two days before my departure I was approached by an unsmiling young man.

"I hear that you are a serious person," he began not even introducing himself. "Do you like to talk about politics?"

"Sometimes," I said. "But not in a place like this."

"All right, come with me. We will go to my friend's apartment. There we can talk politics."

Now this isn't the safest kind of invitation for a tourist to accept. In this instance, however, my curiosity won out over my better judgment. I left the bar with Igor, as I'll call him, and after meeting his friend Dmitri we started to walk.

We walked a long way. The familiar sights of central Moscow were behind us and I lost my bearings. We entered an old district, a section unfamiliar to the average tourist. The streets were badly lit, the buildings ancient and dilapidated. Once we passed a junkyard and I noticed a smashed bit of sculptured bust. Igor pointed to it, leaned over and whispered, "Stalin."

Dmitri's apartment consisted of one room which he shared with a male relative. A single light bulb hung from the ceiling by a cord. The wallpaper was torn and dirty, and the lone window looked as though it hadn't been opened since the reign of Ivan the Terrible. The furnishings were a bed, a table, a chair, and a large clothes cabinet that marked off Dmitri's part of the room. Both men cooked on a small gas stove located

(Continued on p. 654)

Let Us Escalate Together, Prudently

Mr. Johnson's theory of incremental escalation is being tested in Vietnam. Bit by bomb by missile we increase the pressure, "prudently." The question arises: How would this have worked in other wars? How, for example, would it have worked in 1898? A conversation between the President and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy may have gone something like this. . .

TEDDY: Sir, I forgot to tell you, but last night I cabled Dewey to attack Manila.

MCKINLEY: Cancel it, dummy.

TEDDY: But sir, they're all coaled up!

MCKINLEY: Take this down. To Commodore Dewey. Say: INITIATE ZIG-ZAG MANEUVERS OUTSIDE HARBOR AND BLOW WHISTLES IN THREATENING MANNER.

TEDDY: Sir, I'd bet a stuffed moose head if we charged in now. . .

MCKINLEY: Suck in your gut and take this down. To the Queen of Spain. Say: DEAR QUEEN STOP AM SUSPENDING INVASION CUBA TWO MONTHS PENDING YOUR CESSATION HOSTILITIES.

TEDDY: Sir, the Spanish fleet has just sailed from Cadiz for Santiago.

MCKINLEY: Mr. Roosevelt, this is the nineteenth century. We do not attack foreign fleets which have not been overtly hostile.

TEDDY: Sir, Corregidor has just opened up on Dewey's squadron.

MCKINLEY: Stand at attention and take this down. To Commodore Dewey. Say: FIRE SALVOS DIRECTION HOSTILE ACTION BUT DO NOT REPEAT DO NOT HIT CIVILIANS.

TEDDY: Sir, there are no civilians on Corregidor.

MCKINLEY: Mr. Roosevelt, that is your opinion. Is it world opinion?

TEDDY: Sir, the Navy reports an invasion force heading toward Palm Beach.

MCKINLEY: Very well. Take this down. To Queen of Spain. Say: DEAR QUEEN STOP UNLESS INVASION CALLED OFF NEXT TWO WEEKS WILL UNLEASH WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. Now what do you say to that, Mr. Roosevelt?

TEDDY: Bully, sir. Bully.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Thinking Aloud about 1968

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

Like most conservatives with whom I have talked over the last year or so, I have been much perplexed by the problems of the 1968 Presidential election. Until recently, it was possible to say that it was still early, that the passage of time might clarify the situation; but it is now considerably less than a year to the first primaries and very little more than a year to the conventions—not so very long, as political time goes.

Meyer

It seems to me that two factors are standing in the way of clear conservative understanding. On the one hand, there is a failure to see that 1968 is not 1964. The nomination of a conservative candidate this time will not be the result of a mass campaign of the Goldwater type, but rather the outcome of a complex of pressures applied in a more conventional way through the inner processes of the Republican Party, coming to a climax in hard bargaining at the convention itself.

As much as one can predict at this stage, it would seem more than likely that no candidate will enter the convention with anything approaching a clear majority, that in fact the decisive power at the convention will be in the hands of uncommitted and "favorite son" delegations. The true issue of the convention will not be one of personalities; it will be whether the process of gaining conservative control of the Republican Party, dramatically inaugurated in 1964, will be consolidated, in however low a key, or whether the liberals will regain the control they exercised from 1940 to 1964.

It is here that I think the second factor in conservative confusion comes into play: the failure to recognize the degree to which 1964 represented, despite the electoral defeat, a potential massive victory for conservatism through the rehabilitation of the Republican Party as an available institutional vehicle for conservatism. As M. Stanton Evans said recently (*NR*, 5/30/67): "November 1964 generated a natural but misleading sense of conservative despair. In the pale glow of that sulphurous Tuesday, all Barry Goldwater had said and done from 1960 forward was bathed in retrospective gloom. The trick of lighting causes us to forget that the Goldwater candidacy — the mere fact of his nomination—marked an enduring victory for conservatism."

The strategic point at which conservative energy can be applied to achieve the most lasting success is in so working within the Republican Party from the bottom up that the liberal grip which was loosened in 1964 is permanently broken. This patently does not mean in 1968 an emotionally satisfying pre-convention campaign, such as that of 1964. It means hard patient work that can eventuate in a decisive conservative voice at the Republican convention. It may not bring about the nomination of an ideal conservative candidate, but it can make certain that no liberal of the stripe of Percy or Romney will be nominated. Furthermore, it will insure that the candidate nominated will be acceptable to conservatives, that he will owe his victory to conservatives and will hold to broadly conservative principles, and that the course of the Republican Party will be firmly set in a conservative direction.

These are the general considerations with which I think conservatives ought to approach the problems of 1968. Still they are only guidelines; they do not answer the question of what candidate or candidates might meet their requirements. It seems to me that there are two questions that have to be answered in this respect: the question of a principled position and the question of fitness for office.

On the question of principle, one can rule out, to begin with, Percy, whose miserable position on Vietnam and on Communist aggression has earned him the support of both Martin Luther King and writers for the *New Republic* as a potential candidate. Romney, who has no discernible principles at all, can similarly be ruled out.

Of all the leading candidates, Reagan obviously has the most consistent principled conservative stand, on both domestic and foreign policy. Nixon has an honorable anti-Communist record and, if he has been somewhat ambiguous on domestic questions at times, he would seem to be, on balance, acceptable to conservatives—*if* he can avoid the temptation to which he has succumbed in the past, the temptation of assuming that the conservatives are in his pocket and therefore distorting his position to court the liberals.

It is on the question of fitness for office that I have encountered conservative hesitation about Reagan. These hesitations seem to me to miss a major fact. While Reagan's governmental experience may be short, he is the only conservative in a generation who has had the actual experience of carrying solidly conservative principles into practice in a major state. Furthermore, he is doing it with enough success to gain the grudging admiration of skilled observers who are far from sympathetic to his ends. And the objection that he lacks a grasp of foreign policy was effectively dispelled in his recent debate with Robert Kennedy on "Town Meeting of the World," an encounter from which he emerged (again, in the opinion of neutral and unsympathetic analysts) clearly superior.

The solider the support for Reagan at the Republican convention, the greater the possibility that he may be nominated—but also the certainty that any liberal candidate can be vetoed; the assurance that, if Nixon is nominated, he will owe it to conservative support; and the guarantee that conservative control of the Republican Party will be consolidated.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

The Old Settlers

RUSSELL KIRK

One is informed by all sorts of sociological folk and advanced legislators, by sophisters, calculators and economists, that people of comparative poverty, "cultural deprivation," membership in an ethnic minority, and rural upbringing confront almost insuperable obstacles to personal achievement. Subsidize them and direct them! If the "underprivileged" are told this long enough, doubtless they will come to think that they might as well have the game as the name.

But I know of so many exceptions to this rule that I doubt whether it is a sound generalization at all. Really, adversity may be good for the soul; and strong natures grow the stronger at a challenge. I am not of the number of of those who think that a universal suburbia, properly subsidized and planned and integrated and insulated against all risk, would bring to consummate fruition the person and the republic. I think of my Mecosta neighbors, the Old Settlers.

Kirk

The only book in which you may read something about the Old Settlers is my friend Dr. Richard M. Dorson's *Negro Folktales in Michigan* (Harvard University Press, 1956). It was your servant who led Professor Dorson to this lively community, a century old and thriving still.

In the years which followed hard upon the Civil War, the ancestors of the Old Settlers arrived in Mecosta County, Michigan, from Ontario and Ohio; they came in covered wagons, and they took up homestead land, and they settled round the crossroads which are now the villages of Mecosta and Blanchard and Remus and Milbrook. These farmers were enterprising colored people, emancipated or escaped slaves, some of them with white wives whom they had married in Ontario.

Our Mecosta soil is sandy and unpromising; much of this region is lake and swamp. But it takes a person of intrepidity and fortitude to separate himself from the Peculiar Institution, travel hundreds of miles to a foreign land, acquire some capital, and hew a home out of the wilderness. Theirs was a good stock, the Old Settlers'; and it endures. In summer—on Emancipation Day formerly, though now the feast is movable—the people who call themselves the Old Settlers hold in Mecosta and at Schoolsection Lake Park (originally a homestead of the Berry family, one of the principal septs among the Old Settlers) their annual reunion. Some patriarchs are present who can tell the old tales brought up from the South. The younger generations migrated to the industrial cities of Michigan, for the most part; but these come back to Mecosta for this grand occasion.

Some Success Stories

Doubtless my sociological friends will remark, at this point, that I am describing a stagnant subculture, possibly picturesque, but fundamentally lamentable. Nay, not so, Herr Professor. For out from this rural backwater and example of cultural lag have come some men and women of remarkable achievement.

Consider Dr. Merse Tate, half-sister of my neighbor Mr. Hershel Cross, one of our abler Mecosta farmers. Born at Blanchard, a very little place indeed, she proceeded to leadership in her high school classes, presently obtained her bachelor's degree from Western Michigan University (with very high honors indeed), became a master of arts of Columbia University, and next a bachelor of letters of Oxford University (the first American of color to receive a research degree there). Her earned doctorate is from Radcliffe College, and she is an honorary doctor of letters. She has written six important books, most of them published by university presses; has traveled almost everywhere; has been a Fulbright lecturer in India; and has long been professor of history at Howard University. It would take some paragraphs to record her other distinctions. (As Dick Dorson reflected, on learning from Hershel Cross of Dr. Tate's achievements, "I don't suppose I'll get many Br'er Rabbit stories here.")

Or take Judge John T. Letts, a gentleman from the Old Settlers. When twenty-four years old, he took an athletic scholarship at Wilberforce University, and from that time on made his way upward, despite the pressing poverty of his family. As the years passed, he became an army officer, an official at a vocational school, a student at Boston University Law School, a lawyer, a parole officer, an assistant prosecutor in Grand Rapids, and a municipal judge there. Last November he was elected to the circuit court—on the day that his old friend Edward Brooke, an army comrade, was elected to the United States Senate. Our Old Settlers were pleased, but not surprised, that the great-grandson of an escaped slave (who had run a restaurant in Mecosta's county seat) should go far.

So I doubt very much whether centralized benefaction and direction would open wider horizons to the Old Settlers, or to the rest of us here at Mecosta. I doubt, indeed, whether such kindness would make us stronger. (It was the National Guard company from Mecosta County which, in the Second World War, forced its way over the Owen Stanley Mountains in New Guinea to take the Japapanese posts on the north coast, one of the most remarkable military exploits of this century.)

The oldest of our Old Settlers, Mrs. Mary Clarissa Pointer, recently celebrated her hundred and third birthday. She has a good deal of dignity and wisdom, and is full of tales no one else can tell. If this old lady is culturally deprived, who is culturally affluent? The able make their way not merely despite poverty, but because of it; and those who choose the pleasant routine of country life may be wiser than the ideologues of the Great (or Tapioca Pudding) Society.

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Challenge to the Court

MARTIN DIAMOND

What Bozell means by the "Warren Revolution" must be understood in terms of the subtitle of this challenging book—"Reflections on the Consensus Society." By "consensus society" Bozell means to characterize the political order designed by the Founding Fathers. As we shall see, the value of this book depends upon whether Bozell is right in this "consensual" understanding of our political order.

The Framers, Bozell claims, intended a diverse consensus society that would develop slowly by an "organic process." For example, key constitutional provisions like the "taxing power, the commerce clause, the due process clause" were not to become effective until "the give and take among the society's diverse forces and factions . . . hammered out a working consensus about the concrete particulars of application." The importance of the book's subtitle is therefore this: According to Bozell, the Warren Court is not merely a mistaken Court, a presumptuous Court, or even a Court that has handed down many revolutionary decisions. Rather, the Warren revolution is a revolution in the fullest sense; by its fundamental posture and claim, the Warren Court is breaking down the "organic process" and destroying the "consensus society," and therewith is subverting the traditional American political order.

***The Warren Revolution: Reflections on the Consensus Society*, by L. Brent Bozell. Arlington House, $7.00**

The Warren Court has worked its "quietest of revolutions" simply by expanding traditional judicial *review* into revolutionary judicial *supremacy*. Traditionally, the Supreme Court exercised judicial review to "help discover and develop working consensuses in the making of our fluid constitution." In so doing the Court rightly regarded itself as but one part of the consensual organic process. The Warren Court now claims to be "*the* expounder," "the Constitution's final arbiter," and, in the name of judicial supremacy, imposes its ideologically inspired doctrines upon the country. Formerly, the right to determine the broad meaning of the Constitution was reserved to a "hard national consensus"; now, by usurpation, this has become the prerogative of a mere "nine-man tribunal." We are thus "in the grip of a judicial despotism," the most "formidable threat to authentic popular government" this country has ever faced.

However, it must not be thought that this book is chiefly concerned with the misdoings of the Warren Court or with the nature of the consensus society. The present volume (to which a sequel is promised) is, in fact, largely a book about the origins of judicial review, that procedure whereby the Supreme Court considers the constitutionality of state and national actions. There is a good reason for this. Bozell believes that the Warren Court is getting away with its revolution largely because of an erroneous opinion about those origins, about what the Framers intended regarding judicial review. A "formidable group of apologists" has falsely upheld the historical and constitutional "legitimacy of the doctrine of Judicial Supremacy" and has blinded us to the true and more modest place of judicial review in a consensus society. Only when judicial review is properly understood in the light of our history can the dimensions of the Warren Revolution be appreciated, and only then can other departments and levels of government be persuaded to challenge the pretensions of judicial supremacy.

Bozell's bold reading of the evidence deserves a hearing from the scholarly audience. His case is most convincing regarding the early record. Bozell persuasively belittles the extent to which judicial review can be said to have emerged in the English tradition and in colonial and early state government experience. He exaggerates, however, the dominance of legislative supremacy in England and scants the extent to which the English constantly sought ways to restrain public authority and achieve something like a government under law. (Bozell is curiously in favor of legislative supremacy; he seems to have no qualms regarding popular legislative will—provided that will is consensual and federalized.) When that other element in the English tradition is properly acknowledged, the American development of judicial review becomes, not inevitable, but at least more intelligible than Bozell makes it He does an excellent job of disproving the view of Professor Charles Grove Haines, which is probably still widely accepted, that judicial review had become so customary in America that "by an irresistible process" it became a prime feature in the Constitution. (His analysis of all the relevant cases is interesting; the treatment of *Commonwealth* v. *Caton* and *Trevett* v. *Weeden* seems especially valuable.)

But Bozell has prepared a surprise for those who would expect him now to treat judicial review as therefore a deliberate invention of the Framers and to show, in contrast with the Warren Revolution, what the right sort of judicial review is. Bozell argues instead that the consensus-minded Framers did not intend to grant the power of judicial review to the Supreme Court at all. This is to pull the rug out from under Earl Warren with a vengeance—and out as well from under a long line of his predecessors extending back to John Marshall. This is the main trouble with Bozell's book. His view of what makes the Warren Court revolutionary has obliged him to push his arguments too far. The view that the Framers devised a consensus society causes him not only to denounce judicial supremacy, but to demolish

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traditional judicial review as well.

Bozell makes matters still more startling (and consensual) by arguing that the Framers assigned the final power of judicial review, not to the Supreme Court, but to the individual *state* courts. Indeed this, he says, was the way they solved the problem of federalism. He bases this extraordinary conclusion mainly on a strained construction of the Supremacy Clause, the relevant portion of which reads that "the Judges in every State shall be bound [by the Constitution, the Laws, and the Treaties of the United States] . . . , any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding." The whole key to Bozell's argument is his arbitrary reading of this language to mean that each state court is thereby granted the final power to determine, as far as its state is concerned, what the Constitution means and whether the national laws and treaties are constitutional or not.

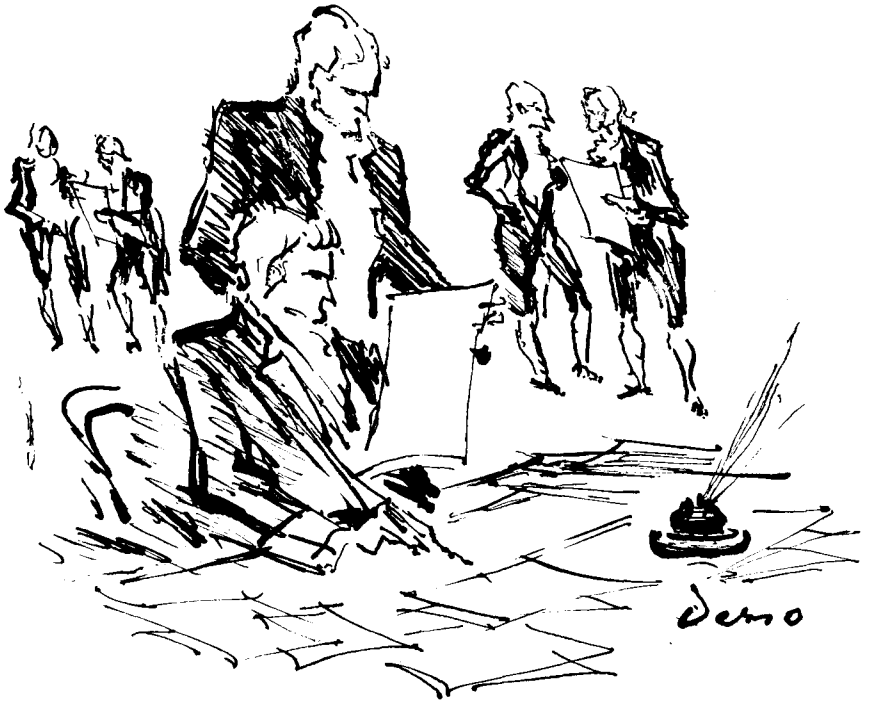
Bozell in effect concludes that the Constitution thus perpetuated that principle of state dependency which, of all things in the Articles of Confederation, the leading Framers most detested. In short, according to Bozell, the great struggle over federalism at the Convention was won decisively by the "States Righters" and not by the "nationalizers" like Madison, Washington and Hamilton. This is to gainsay the whole tenor of the anti-Federalist attack upon the Constitution as "consolidationist" and national; the States Righters of 1787 were not so convinced of their victory as Bozell is. And it is to repudiate the emphatic and convincing argument in *The Federalist,* namely, that an effective Federal Government cannot rest upon the voluntary compliance of individual states, whether the compliance be sought from legislatures or courts. (Incidentally, in order to do this, Bozell is obliged to wrench the meaning of several of the papers, especially *Federalist* 22.)

THUS BOZELL goes very far in denying the legitimacy of the kind of judicial review so familiar to us in Hamilton's *Federalist* 78 and Marshall's opinions in *Marbury* v. *Madison* and *McCulloch* v. *Maryland.* At this point the reader is entitled to wonder why it is the *Warren* revolution. Chief Justice Warren would seem in Bozell's view only to be Stalin to Hamilton's Marx and Marshall's Lenin. In short, Bozell's criticism of judicial supremacy is obscured and distorted by his unconvincing attack on judicial review. A criticism of judicial supremacy requires a proper understanding of judicial review, but this is denied to one who regards it in the first instance as a usurpation imposed on the consensus society.

Accordingly, Bozell cannot criticize the Warren Court as a too assertive Court such as others have been before; he cannot ask the more moderate but truly important questions about how supreme the Court ought to be and precisely what obedience to it requires, because he does not seem to believe that it should be supreme or obeyed at all. Above all, his revolution-consensus schema prevents Bozell from focusing sufficiently on what seems to me the critical issue: the egalitarian doctrinal tendency of the Warren Court. Like an earlier Court which thought that the Constitution meant whatever liberty meant, the Warren Court seems to think that the Constitution means whatever equality means. As it were, "substantive equal protection" has been substituted for "substantive due process." But the Court's duty is not to interpret what the nature of equality or democracy as such requires, but to interpret the Constitution. And the American Constitution must not be read as seeking to make democracy more democratic, but rather to make it more decent, free, and competent.

Now Bozell is aware that his denial of legitimacy to judicial review causes a problem for his argument that the Warren Court is revolutionary, and he attempts to solve the problem. (It should be noted that Bozell intends to deal more fully with this matter in the promised sequel.) But, however, the attempt reveals grave defects in his idea of the consensus society. According to Bozell, despite its constitutional illegitimacy, judicial review nonetheless came to be housebroken; the Supreme Court was adapted to the requirements of the consensus society. That is, the Court accepted as its modest task helping to "discover and develop working consensuses." The pre-Warren Court, Bozell seems to think, did not reach major conclusions unless the organic process had already nearly achieved a consensus in favor of them. This is surely not an accurate statement of fact. Can it really be maintained that *McCulloch* v. *Maryland, Gibbons* v. *Ogden,* the Slaughterhouse Cases, *Lochner* v. *New York,* and *NLRB* v. *Jones-Laughlin* were really the judicial expressions of working consensuses? Was there no widespread and bitter opposition to these and many other famous decisions?

But the inaccuracy of the statement is far less objectionable than its im-



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plied standard for the judicial function. Is the Court really to delay decisions, deliberately hold back from interpreting the principles of the Constitution as it sees them—until it can discover and develop a popular consensus? That sounds more like a task for a "master-broker" or statesman than for judges. Does not Bozell dangerously verge on a sociological jurisprudence which he otherwise detests? Sociological jurisprudence once argued that, despite judicial pretension to the contrary, the Constitution meant whatever the dominant social and economic interests wanted it to mean. Bozell comes close to saying that the Constitution ought to mean whatever a consensus wants it to mean. According to Bozell, the Framers thought that "everyone was to have a hand" in "interpreting and enforcing the Constitution." "Congress (or the state legislature concerned) would, as guided by 'the people,' have the 'ultimate redress' in deciding what the Constitution really meant." "If there was to be a 'last say,' it would be heard from the people on election day." The people on election day! That is sociological jurisprudence with a vengeance. And Bozell astonishingly attributes this view to *The Federalist*. He further tells us that *The Federalist*, depending upon "good will . . . and good faith," wanted the great constitutional decisions to "*emerge*—from the stresses, strains, tensions, rivalries and competition of the consensus society." This almost historicist idea of an emerging Constitution resting decisively upon legislative supremacy and faith in the populace is surely not what *The Federalist* had in mind. The leading Framers wanted society to emerge and be molded by the Constitution, and not the other way round. But Bozell's preoccupation with consensualism causes him to depreciate—what he otherwise would cherish—the objective and intelligible meaning of the Constitution and the priority of the Framers' intentions.

Bozell seeks to use the authority of Lincoln to support his idea that Congress, the states, and the people are all entitled to resist the Court when it acts unconsensually. He begins his book with a quotation from Lincoln's First Inaugural Address: "If the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation . . . , the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal." Strong and sober words looking to the revocation of the reasoning of the *Dred Scott* decision. But elsewhere in that address Lincoln mentions only the amending procedure or a judicial change of mind as the possible ways of overruling constitutional decisions, and seems to warn against any other sort of resistance to the Court.

Yet Bozell regards these as feeble tools; the whole point of his book is to make us ask what other "weapons are available for the Counter-Revolution." Accordingly, Bozell understands Lincoln to agree with his proposition that more drastic weapons are appropriate, and attributes to Lincoln the view that only the "consensus machinery . . . could speak and act for the whole." One wonders what Bozell made of another passage in the Address which shortly precedes the one he quoted. In "all our constitutional controversies, . . . we divide . . . into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the government is acquiescence on one side or the other." Lest there be any notion that "acquiesce" has anything to do with "consensus," be it noted that in his first draft Lincoln used the word "submit."

It will be interesting to see how Bozell develops the consensus argument in his next book, because he will surely re-examine the relevant material and oblige his readers to think things through anew. But it is possible to guess that Calhoun, whose name is never mentioned in this book, will figure more prominently than Lincoln in the next one.

Provocative History

BRENTON H. SMITH

Sooner or later Alan John Percivale Taylor is going to force himself triumphantly upon anyone interested in modern and contemporary history. His triumph is going to be the greater if he can leave behind himself a peculiar feeling of outrage, bewilderment and laughter, as well as a trail of skewered victims belonging to every faction and prejudice. Why not then submit, at least temporarily, to Taylor's latest production, *From Sarajevo to Potsdam*?

***From Sarajevo to Potsdam*, by A.J.P. Taylor. Harcourt, $5.50**

In the intention of the publisher this profusely illustrated study is obviously supposed to be the tail, if not the tail end, of a new series dealing with European civilization from start to finish. Unlike most such series, this one is designed for a popular audience, even though impressive scholarly names are associated with it. Picture it sitting on the shelf as a kind of companion of the *Collier's Encyclopedia* and you have the right idea. Unfortunately Taylor is hardly the man to give us a bird's eye view of history, for this work is not a college text routinely supplying data on politicians, wars and depressions, i.e., the kind of thing that makes the private life of Profumo about as exciting as this year's tax table, nor is it an ably interpretive survey unless one identifies able interpretation with a collection of perversely bizarre opinions. In a word, this book is not for the uninformed, who are merely going to be confused by it, or for the ulcerous, who will merely be hospitalized by it. Rather it is a pleasant pastime for those readers who have come to know something of Taylor in advance and who are prepared to amuse themselves as Taylor amuses himself, slashing at shibboleths here and shibboleths there. You are his favorite victim if he leaves you raging. He succeeds in grating on my nerves now and then, but I find him immensely readable.

Taylor, an author already famous

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for trying to rebuild our pictures of Bismarck and Hitler, is, I believe cautiously, a Laborite in political sympathy. Yet he is not a right-wing Laborite or a left-wing Laborite, but instead a waspishly undependable Laborite, just as Churchill was an undependable Conservative in the 1930s. Nowhere does Taylor suggest that the socialists have been possessors of the Great Panacea; nowhere does he sign up with anti-Fascism quite as emotionally as he ought to. He treats the venerated Fabians, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, as sweet innocents. Unforgivably he gives us a photograph of Keir Hardie in Trafalgar Square in a ridiculously pompous pose while a monumental British lion in the background blandly continues to stare off in another direction, and most disloyally he includes a photograph of the notorious Fascist Sir Oswald Mosley surrounded by yelping supporters, there being a caption that reminds people that Mosley was once a Laborite. Needless to say, a socialist of any discipline whatever would no more mention the socialist connections of people like Hitler, Mussolini, Laval, Mosley, et al., than a proud DAR would mention the discovery that a once-treasured revolutionary colonel was actually a spy in British pay. If Purgatory were managed by Taylor's own political brethren, he would have to pay dearly for this piece of nastiness alone.

TAYLOR'S VIEWS on the wars are intolerable—predictably intolerable—to everyone but de Gaulle, who is one of the very few protagonists to emerge from the drama unscathed. The brevity of the book is no excuse. Looking at the origin of the First War, he finds time to discuss cubism and futurism along with the composers Berg, Webern, and Stravinsky (this will be more than enough to unbalance the traditional diplomatic historians), but has no time at all to discuss the assassination of the archduke as a culmination of diplomatic, military, and nationalistic tensions in the Balkans (the traditional diplomatic historians will not recover their balance for the remainder of the book). With regard to the Second War it is announced to the reader, who by now ought to be ready for novelty, that "the system of 1919 fell to pieces almost without Hitler's pushing against it." Furthermore, Hitler was so sure of his successful bluff tactics in diplomacy that he was "the one man who neither expected nor planned a great war." When war came anyhow, it turned out to be the Americans under FDR who wanted to step in and run the world, especially Europe, while "Hitler's plans for dominating the world were less precise, if indeed he had them." Charles de Gaulle is the hero of the whole business. It was he who saved European civilization from Roosevelt and Hitler, the Scylla and Charybdis of the twentieth century.

Taylor winds up with a few guiding thoughts on the origins of the cold war. They are not very helpful and perhaps already a little stale. Gone is the picture which so many of us naive ones used to have: Soviet Communist aggressiveness countered by a not-so-harsh containment policy. Instead we get a judgment, which has been running the academic rounds a while, to the effect that both sides were responsible. On both sides there were "extravagant apprehensions," and it all turned out to be a "false alarm." And then: "Essentially the attitude of the two world powers towards Europe was unchanged; they merely wanted Europe to leave them alone." Aside from the other problems involved in this kind of glibness, it does not fit in logically with the view earlier expressed that the United States was getting ready to run the world, including Europe. But then who claims that Taylor's forte is logic?

Problems of the Sciences

WAYNE J. HOLMAN III

PROFESSOR TULLOCK of the Economics Department at the University of Virginia has attempted a study of the social organization of science, with the purpose of explaining how it is that the work of a large number of individual scientists, each of whom merely pursues his own interests, actually forms coherent unities. His understanding of the scientific community is good, and he has taken the novel approach of discussing the scientific enterprise, not in philosophical abstractions, but in terms of the real motives of the people who carry it on. He knows that not all scientists are incandescent with dedication, that many have joined their profession because it gives them status and a congenial sense of identity, and that much of the curiosity which inspires their work is "induced," i.e., specifically directed, by the prospect of tangible or intangible social reward. He also understands the little tribalisms of scientists, their status symbols, the various consensuses that operate among them to direct research toward implicitly defined goals.

Professor Tullock's insight is sound and good—certainly every scientist will be able to recognize his professional context—but by no means fresh. Do we really have to be told at length that falsification of discovery is too difficult to be a problem, that information retrieval is difficult enough to be a problem, that scientific creativity depends upon a faculty for pattern recognition, that the proliferation of journals ensures that novel or revolutionary work gets a better chance for publication, that future discoveries in science cannot be anticipated, etc., etc.? ➔

The Organization of Inquiry, by Gordon Tullock. Duke University Press, $5.50

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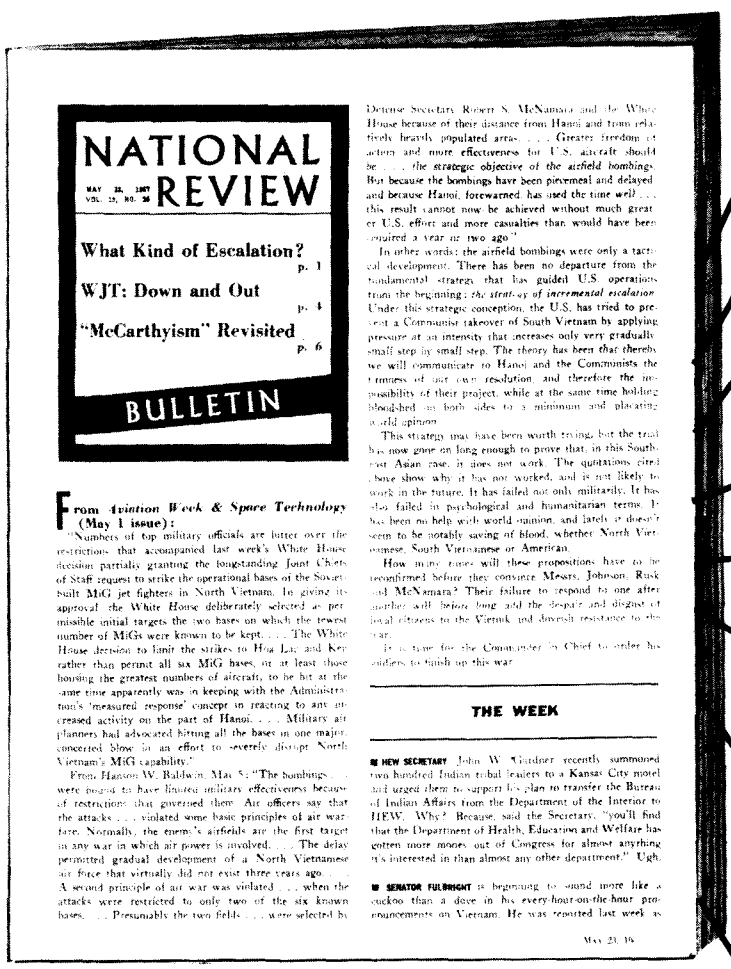

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"McCarthyism" Revisited p. 6

BULLETIN

From *Aviation Week & Space Technology* (May 1 issue):

"Numbers of top military officials are bitter over the restrictions that accompanied last week's White House decision partially granting the longstanding Joint Chiefs of Staff request to strike the operational bases of the Soviet-built MiG jet fighters in North Vietnam. In giving its approval, the White House deliberately selected as per missible initial targets the two bases on which the fewest number of MiGs were known to be kept. . . . The White House decision to limit the strikes to Hoa Lac and Kep rather than permit all six MiG bases, or at least those housing the greatest numbers of aircraft, to be hit at the same time apparently was in keeping with the Administration's 'measured response' concept in reacting to any increased activity on the part of Hanoi. . . . Military air planners had advocated hitting all the bases in one major, concerted blow in an effort to severely disrupt North Vietnam's MiG capability."

From Hanson W. Baldwin, May 5: "The bombings . . . were judged to have limited military effectiveness because of restrictions that governed them. Air officers say that the attacks . . . violated some basic principles of air warfare. Normally, the enemy's airfields are the first target in any war in which air power is involved. . . . The delay permitted gradual development of a North Vietnamese air force that virtually did not exist three years ago. . . .

A second principle of air war was violated . . . when the attacks were restricted to only two of the six known bases. . . . Presumably the two fields . . . were selected by Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara and the White House because of their distance from Hanoi and from relatively heavily populated areas. . . . Greater freedom of action and more effectiveness for U.S. aircraft should be . . . *the strategic objective of the airfield bombings.* But because the bombings have been piecemeal and delayed and because Hanoi, forewarned, has used the time well . . . this result cannot now be achieved without much greater U.S. effort and more casualties than would have been required a year or two ago."

In other words: the airfield bombings were only a tactical development. There has been no departure from the fundamental strategy that has guided U.S. operations from the beginning: *the strategy of incremental escalation.* Under this strategic conception, the U.S. has tried to prevent a Communist takeover of South Vietnam by applying pressure at an intensity that increases only very gradually, small step by small step. The theory has been that thereby we will communicate to Hanoi and the Communists the firmness of our own resolution, and therefore the impossibility of their project, while at the same time holding bloodshed on both sides to a minimum and placating world opinion.

This strategy may have been worth trying, but the trial has now gone on long enough to prove that, in this South-east Asian cave, it does not work. The quotations cited above show why it has not worked, and is not likely to work in the future. It has failed not only militarily. It has also failed in psychological and humanitarian terms. It has been no help with world opinion, and lately it doesn't seem to be notably saving of blood, whether North Vietnamese, South Vietnamese or American.

How many times will these propositions have to be reconfirmed before they convince Messrs. Johnson, Rusk and McNamara? Their failure to respond to one after another will before long add the despair and disgust of loyal citizens to the Vietnik and dovish resistance to the war.

It is time for the Commander in Chief to order his soldiers to finish up this war.

THE WEEK

■ HEW SECRETARY John W. Gardner recently summoned two hundred Indian tribal leaders to a Kansas City motel and urged them to support his plan to transfer the Bureau of Indian Affairs from the Department of the Interior to HEW. Why? Because, said the Secretary, "you'll find that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has gotten more money out of Congress for almost anything it's interested in than almost any other department." Ugh.

■ SENATOR FULBRIGHT is beginning to sound more like a cuckoo than a dove in his every-hour-on-the-hour pronouncements on Vietnam. He was reported last week as

May 23, 19

1. THE WEEK:

A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

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4. WHAT'S AHEAD:

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The column many BULLETIN readers turn to first. It's not afraid to name names or focus on famous people, often reports items that you won't find in the press or newsmagazines;

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A regular column by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant editor of the Indianapolis *News.* Mr. Evans has established himself as one of the nation's keenest political analysts and is particularly noted for his in-depth reporting of the most controversial issues that plague us today;

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This unique survey of the foreign scene is compiled from the most important overseas publications plus confidential reports from on-the-spot observers in key trouble spots the world over. You'll especially enjoy its panoramic view, and the concentration on important happenings that go unreported here;

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IMPORTANT

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It is unfortunate that Professor Tullock did not choose a more popular medium for his work. He has little to say to the professional scholars who will be reached by a slender volume from the Duke University Press, while his understanding of the extent to which scientists are self-educated and his deeply perceptive encouragement of amateurism in science should be made available to a wider audience. The mass magazines have still not gotten rid of the habit of investing scientists with an aura of sacral nonsense. We have been told, for example, that R. P. Feynman is "human" because he likes to play the bongo drums, and again that when Lev Landau was nearly killed in an automobile accident even brilliant physicists ran errands and carried blood plasma (as if they shouldn't?)—and it is difficult to imagine that the victims of this drivel would not be grateful for Professor Tullock's perspective, which is neither cynical nor iconoclastic, but realizes that science is a very human (sometimes all-too-human) endeavor itself.

It is when he makes passes at the deeper problems of constitution in the sciences that Professor Tullock is least successful. He is very much an admirer of physics and suggests that the social sciences are "backward" in comparison, as is shown by the fact that social scientists are always arguing among themselves. But will the social sciences have "come of age" when the arguing stops, or will they merely have been trivialized? Will they not rather have renounced their true function, that of interpreting the experience of human beings as members of a society, a work which is as inexhaustible as that experience itself? Professor Tullock seems to lay the blame on the difficulty and expense of experiments which involve groups of people, but is this so much a roadblock in the path of social science as a structural part of the science itself?

Physicists have made a start at constructing theories which exhibit the uncertainty which is due to the fact that certain experiments can in principle not be performed. The limited resources for experimentation in the social sciences are a fact of social science which must be brought into an adequate social theory, and it is one which becomes quite significant when we consider that an experiment in a particular time and place with a given set of people is not necessarily "reproducible" in the sense that experiments in physics are reproducible. The very act of controlling an experiment, of isolating a process from its social context, is sufficient to alter the whole nature of the process quite radically, and we are left with the uncomfortable suspicion that the strict determinability of social facts may be roughly proportional to their triviality.

No observer truly has a detached viewpoint outside of society. His own subjectivity, his grasp of motivation, the principles that provide him with the intelligibility of his experience and a sense of political identity—these are all part of social process too, with the result that a social scientist has a completely different relationship to the object matter of his science from the one which a physicist enjoys. A physicist can at least define his areas of uncertainty; those of a social scientist's are ultimately indefinite. I believe, then, that Professor Tullock is wrong when he claims that the problems of the social sciences are not more difficult than those of physics.

Physics has one great advantage: a few centuries ago it obtained its particular "mode of constitution." That is, the world was constituted as a unity

Random Notes

● Books: Stackpole Books and K. S. Giniger Co., have launched a new series, "Great Memoirs and Novels of World War I." First two are *Sagittarius Rising,* Cecil Lewis' memoir of the war in the air ($4.95), and Siegfried Sassoon's semi-autobiographical *Memoirs of George Sherston* ($8.95). . . . Reporter Liz Smith is expanding her unimpressed articles on Her Majesty into a book, *Jackie Kennedy: The Woman and the Myth,* which Meredith Press will publish this fall. . . . . *On Overgrown Paths,* the memoir which Knut Hamsun wrote while on trial for collaborating with the Nazis, will be published in English for the first time this June (Paul S. Eriksson Co., $4.50). . . . Charles (*The Lost Weekend*) Jackson is back after a nineteen-year silence, with *A Second-Hand Life,* about a Tormented Woman (Macmillan, August, $5.95).

Leonid Vladimirov, who defected from the Soviet Union last year, has written *Russia Sad and Grey: An Intimate Report Fifty Years after the Revolution;* Praeger will publish, come October. . . . Twenty-one of Robert A. Heinlein's future-history stories are gathered for the first time in *The Past Through Tomorrow* (Putnam's, $5.95). . . . Coming from Trident Press this fall is Allen Drury's report on South Africa, *A Very Strange Society.* . . . The craze continues: Dover Books have published Oscar Wilde's *Salome* with all the Beardsley illustrations ($1.50); meanwhile, all that ever need be said about Aubrey is said in *Beardsley Beasties,* wherein his drawings get the funny-captions treatment ($1.50; Serendipity III, 225 E. 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10022).

● Projects: Victor Gold, erstwhile PR man for Barry Goldwater, is at work on *Too Hot in the Kitchen* in which, George having served his two terms in the White House, Lurleen runs for the Presidency. . . . Leo Mendelson Productions, who gave us the Charlie Brown specials, are taking the same line with Babar; will have an animated hour of him early next year. . . . Andy Warhol's film of *Snow White* will star a Negro girl. . . . John Frankenheimer and Edward Lewis are preparing three books for the screen, for MGM: Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer, The Gypsy Moths* by the insufferable James Drought and Philip Rock's *The Extraordinary Seamen* (to be published by Meredith Press this fall), about six men who pilot a riverboat through the enemy-infested Pacific in World War II.

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of spatial and temporal extension governed by exact laws, and the human mind assented to the formulation of these laws as "explanation." This was a mysterious and irreducible act of recognition for a context within which principles of "explanation" could be advanced. The mode also requires that these principles be consistent with possible experiments and observations. This is a development which is still not well enough understood in the context of the whole intellectual and psychic history of the race. It is one which we take so deeply for granted that it is difficult for us to stand back from it and examine its inner necessity. It is nothing else than the aspect under which the physical world is intelligible to us.

The problems of the constitution of social reality are more difficult and are still quite obscure; certainly they are different from the constitutional problems in physics. The determination of "cause" is less an uncovering of passive "facts" than an active structuring of the world by the scientist. But the last decade of research on elementary particles seems to suggest that physics is approaching the freedom of constitution of the social sciences much faster than the latter are becoming "exact"; it has certainly made us aware of the extent to which the uniqueness of explanation in physics is an article of faith. We can only hope that Professor Tullock will consider these issues and some day share his thoughts about them with us, but we cannot hope that the arguing will ever end and I believe that we should not. But perhaps one day we shall have a clear recognition and acceptance of what the function of the argument is.

Art

Op, Pop—And The Real Thing

RUTH BERENSON

As the 1966-67 art season draws to its close, one wonders whether New York's patient and long put-upon art lovers may finally be given a respite from the constant succession of synthetic styles, movements, "isms" masquerading as high art to which they have been subjected for the past decade. This year, to the chagrin of those sophisticates for whom keeping up with the latest art fad is tantamount to keeping up with the Joneses, there has been nothing "new"—only warmed-over recastings of last year's shockers which no longer shock.

Even the museums had an off year. Loan shows were few and unexciting —in contrast to the so-called hinterland which has witnessed a number of great master exhibitions, any one of which would have done credit to the Metropolitan. Philadelphia and Chicago were treated to a fine Manet display; a full-length Ingres survey was put on by Harvard's scholarly Fogg Museum; San Francisco, Toledo and Boston all saw "The Age of Rembrandt," while even the small Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond managed to come up with a Hogarth show which attracted national attention. The season's most distinguished offering was the Cleveland Museum's "Treasures from Medieval France," to which the French government contributed importantly.

Of course, those dealers and museums which consider themselves tastemakers and show cases for the *avant-garde* did what they could to maintain their reputations. Sidney Janis' season opener, "Erotic Art," was neither erotic nor otherwise interesting. The Guggenheim Museum's "Systemic Painting" (the term a pretentious tag-line for yet another showing of "Hard-Edge" abstractionists like Ellsworth Kelly, Frank Stella, Kenneth Noland and their followers) was pretty boring stuff. The Jewish Museum saluted Minimal Art with a show of Ad Reinhardt's black paintings, in which, with effort and eyestrain, the spectator could dimly discern the squares into which the canvases were divided. It also reviewed the "achievement," if such it can be called, of the Parisian Yves Klein, complete with paintings produced by coating a nude girl with blue paint and rolling her on a paper-covered floor.

The Whitney Museum Annual, this year devoted to sculpture with a leavening of prints to brighten up the walls, resolutely provided a comprehensive, if unedifying, summary of all the most up-to-date "isms." A few fine pieces by members of the older generation were swamped in the profusion of Op, Pop, Minimal and Kinetic (nearly everything moved or flashed lights), all as devoid of feeling as a TV commercial. "Psychedelic" art which, expectably, arose in San Francisco and has staked out a New York outpost in the East Village, is an obviously phony attempt to concretize the fantasies of LSD and other drugs. To a clear-eyed observer, it seems purely derivative from old-time Surrealism, Abstract Expressionism plus Art Nouveau—hardly revolutionary.

Nineteen sixty-seven's failure to produce anything which could have been called "new" was pointed up by the fact that the three most important retrospectives—those of Andrew Wyeth and Louise Nevelson at the Whitney, and that of Jackson Pollock at the Museum of Modern Art—all recalled the more productive days of American art ten and more years ago.

The most outstanding, if only for the record crowds it attracted, was the Wyeth. The reasons for his popularity—he has long commanded higher prices than any other living American painter—are obvious. He simply paints what he sees, affording to the most unsophisticated viewer a pleasurable "shock of recognition," which modern art has resolutely denied him. Wyeth's haunting landscapes of his native Pennsylvania and

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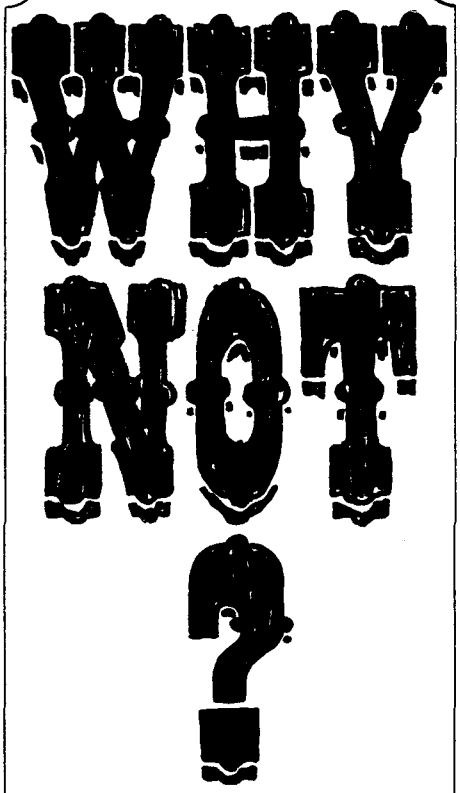

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of the Maine coast where he spends his summers are not, however, mere literal transcription of observed facts, nor are his careful portraits of his family and neighbors. Though most of his pictures are preceded by detailed, on-the-spot studies, the finished works are subtly different from their originals, for Wyeth selects and arranges his canvases as carefully as Cezanne. His art is rooted in American nineteenth-century realism; yet his brilliant, almost Dali-like drawing, his often daring compositions make him very much a part of our own time, despite the nostalgia he, like the poet Robert Frost, evokes for a vanishing, rural America.

Louise Nevelson, unlike Wyeth, has developed slowly and hesitantly; it was not until the 1950s that she discovered her distinctive way of working with "found" wooden objects—old orange crates, boxes, bits of driftwood, chair legs, mouldings, bed posts, bowling pins, children's blocks. The huge sectional walls and columnar forms which she builds from these disparate elements are baroque in their intricacy, their play of light and shade, solid and void—and modern in the way their individual components lose their original identity and take on a new, abstract existence. Today, ownership of a Nevelson is *de rigueur* for any museum with pretensions in the contemporary field. Yet only in the Whitney's lofty third-floor gallery with its adjustable lighting did Mrs. Nevelson's special sorcery come into its own. Here these gigantic structures, monochromatically painted black, white or gold, seemed like magic architectures evoking within the spectator moods varying from gaiety to foreboding, from awe to tenderness. With humble, unsculptural means, Louise Nevelson has created a new kind of monumental furniture, latter-day altarpieces for a secular age.

It is perhaps too much to say that the Museum of Modern Art's Jackson Pollock retrospective was a demonstration of how yesterday's revolutionary can seem like today's conservative. Yet it is true that Pollock, eleven years after his death, no longer baffles. We are presented with a painter who, only nine years before his death, was still painfully eclectic and derivative. In his last years, however, he, along with Hofmann, De Kooning and the other Abstract Expressionists, turned American art, and that of the whole Western world, upside-down. The much-maligned "drip" paintings, with their rhythmic complexity, surface virtuosity and technical bravura, stand up well. Seeing them, it is clear that notwithstanding Pollack's oft-quoted statements, "When I'm *in* my painting, I'm not aware of what I'm doing," and "The source of my painting is the unconscious," he was always, even at his drippiest, in complete control of his medium; as is evident to anyone who has put a Pollock jigsaw puzzle together, he had a clear concept of order and design. The best of his work possesses an exuberance, a delight in the substance of paint and the act of painting which one misses in other Abstract Expressionists. One misses it even more in the labored sterility of the Hard Edge, Op and Pop exponents who continue to dominate the 1967 art scene.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Of Other Worlds: Essays and Stories, by C. S. Lewis, edited by Walter Hooper (Harcourt, $3.95). This is, as the editor suggests, a book about the excellence of story; it is also—and this seems to me the more important of the two—a book about the genesis of story. To that extent it is a sequel to Lewis' *Studies in Medieval and Renaissance Literature* (see *NR*, Dec. 27, 1966), also collected posthumously by Mr. Hooper. Finally, it is a book about the technique of story. And because of this, it properly includes not only eassays such as the relatively well-known "On Stories" and the two previously unpublished talks "On Criticism" and "On Science Fiction," but also Lewis' only short stories, and a fragment of a novel. Most interesting perhaps are the places where Lewis describes the genesis of his own creation of Narnia—"every-

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thing began with images; a faun carrying an umbrella, a queen on a sledge, a magnificent lion . . . as these images sorted themselves into events (i.e., became a story) they seemed to demand no love interest and no close psychology. But the Form which excludes these things is the fairy tale. And the moment I thought of that I fell in love with the Form itself . . ." It is a classic individual statement of the psychology of literary invention; and it is also a reminder that, even in these latter days, there still may be heard in story the distant drum of the past, in Narnia, in Deep Heaven, or in Middle Earth.

J. C. LOBDELL

TIME WILL RUN BACK, by Henry Hazlitt (Arlington House, $6). Assuming a world as thoroughly collectivized as Marxist ideologues would like to make it—what might happen? Personal liberty and enterprise would have vanished, poverty and famine would be the ordinary citizen's expected lot, all traces of the market system would be not only suppressed but expunged from memory. The only possible way back would be a groping effort to reconstruct free enterprise through logical rigor, trial and error, comparative analysis of incentives. Such an effort is the theme of Hazlitt's novel, a *Looking Backward* in reverse whose non-brainwashed hero is thrust by accident into leadership of the Communist empire. Through gradual experimentation and long Socratic discussion with his second-in-command, the new leader rights the deficiencies of a creaking Marxist economy through private barter, a free pricing system, a gold standard currency, and private ownership of the means of production. Among the topics analyzed with the clarity for which Hazlitt is famous are inflation, monopoly, "fair prices," helping the impoverished, and profits—discussions which gain additional force through juxtaposition of "new" free enterprise with the demonstrated failures (drawn from the real experience of the Iron Curtain countries) of collectivism. A reissue of a volume published in 1951 as *The Great Idea*, the book is an excellent introduction to the basic elements of economics.

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HART

(Continued from p. 635)

responsibility—he tried to negotiate a German surrender in Italy, which made the Russians suspicious—but that, more broadly, "mistakes made by American officials, just after the war" brought on our difficulties.

According to Daniel Bell, the extremist sees himself as a member of "a persecuted group, discriminated against in the major opinion-forming centers in the land." Riesman adds that extremists have a "sense of powerlessness," and see themselves as a "minority suffering for its desires to enlighten the people." Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities George Steiner, describing himself as belonging to an "elite of conscience and insight," reflects that the future status of American intellectuals "may be no better than that of the acquiescent intellectuals under Nazism" (*New York Review of Books*, 3-23-67). H. Stuart Hughes, of Harvard, tells us that "I have never been so close as I am now to despairing of my country," and art critic Harold Rosenberg informs us that "proletarianization is spreading," and in fact embraces just about everything. (*Partisan Review*, Winter '67).

Returning to Richard Hofstader, we learn that the extremist has a "serious and restless dissatisfaction with American life, traditions, and institutions." His "political reactions express . . . a profound, if largely unconscious hatred of our society and its ways—a hatred which one would hesitate to impute to them if one did not have suggestive clinical evidence." The extremist "consciously or unconsciously aims at the obliteration of American institutions." Noam Chomsky of MIT reminds us that "thirty years ago many men found it quite possible to join international brigades to fight against the army of their own country." Susan Sontag informs us that "Mozart, Pascal, Boolean algebra, Shakespeare, parliamentary government, baroque churches, Newton, the emancipation of women, Kant, Marx, Balanchine ballets et al. don't redeem what this particular civilization has wrought upon the world." Writing in *Partisan Review*, Tom Hayden looks forward to an American *defeat* in Vietnam, and regrets that the American people are as yet unprepared to accept the "possibility of legitimate 'Communist ex-

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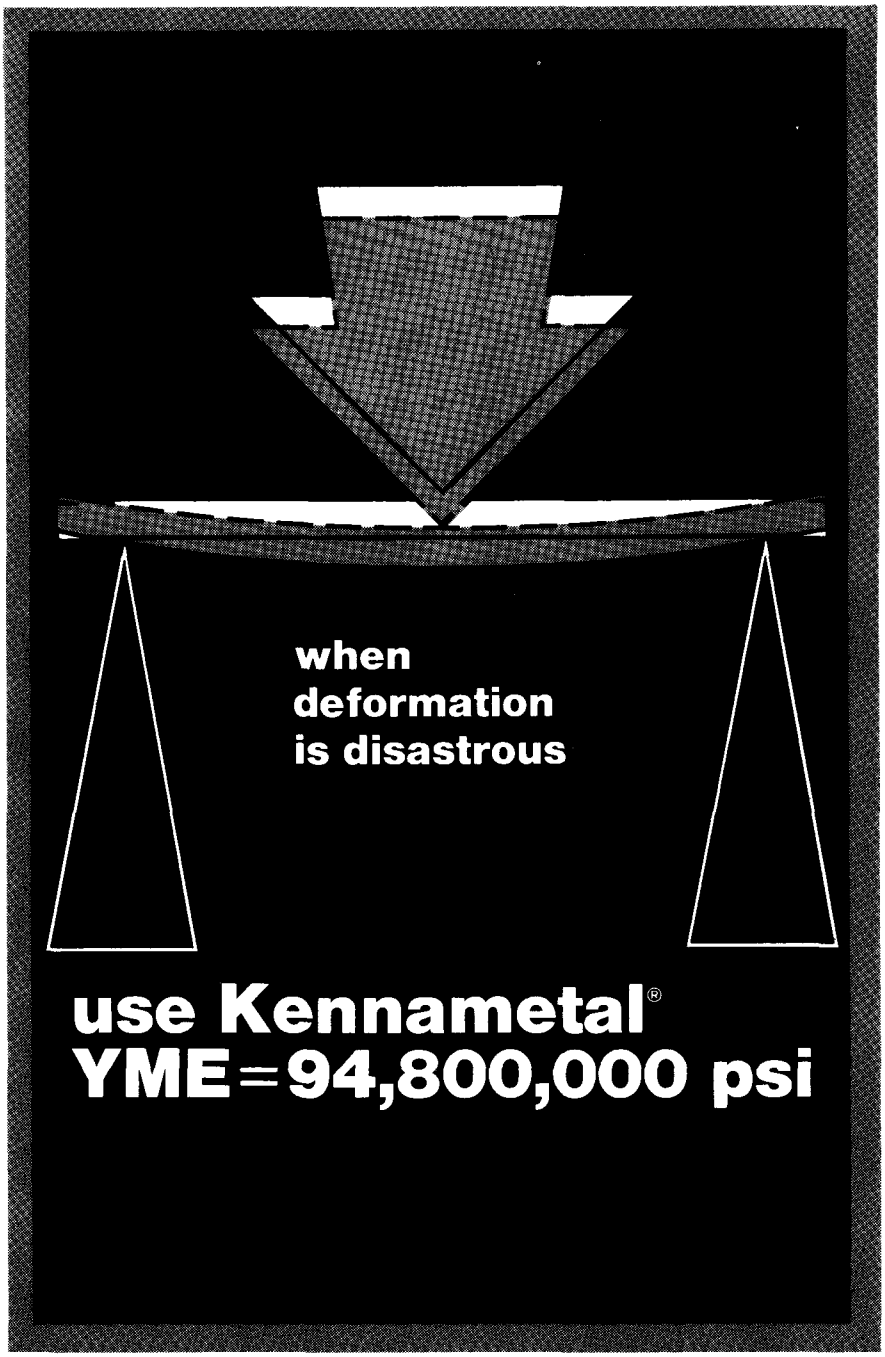
pansion.'" In the same issue, Michael Harrington finds that "massive social and political movements" will be needed for "fundamental change in American life."

Arnold Forster, an Anti-Defamation League expert on extremism, tells us that with the extremist, "discourse and debate are frequently fruitless. Extremist argument has displayed an immunity to both fact and logic." As an illustration of the accuracy of this description, we may take the walk-out on Vice President Humphrey by Dwight Macdonald, Anthony West, Robert Gorham Davis, Jules Feiffer and others at the recent National Book Awards ceremonies, a refusal of rational discourse, and an intemperate and ill-mannered gesture. Apropos of Macdonald's hold on "fact and logic," we may take his view that *MacBird!* "showed so shrewd and realistic a grasp of American politics." (*New York Review of Books*, 2-9-67).

One could go on and on exploring The Mirror Effect. Does the extremist have a "constant inner urge toward self-advertisement" (Hofstader)? This would surprise no one who has perused those protesting ads in the *Times* and elsewhere. Is the extremist, as we are told by T. W. Adorno and others, an "authoritarian personality," intolerant of dissent and eager to impose a relentless conformity? Turn then to Professor Herbert Marcuse, University of California: "Liberating tolerance . . . would mean intolerance against movements from the Right, and tolerance of movements from the Left. As to the scope of this tolerance and intolerance: . . . it would extend to the stage of action as well as of discussion and propaganda, of deed as well as of word." Marcuse openly advocates "intolerance . . . toward the self-styled conservatives." Similarly, Robert Wolff holds that political tolerance "is ultimately indefensible in the contemporary age." (*Critique of Pure Tolerance.*)

So there we have it. The extremist emerges as described by the social scientists. He is consumed with indignation, addicted to conspiratorial explanations, intemperate in language and deed, filled with hatred for America and the West, oblivious of fact and logic, self-pitying, intolerant. Only he isn't at the fringes of our culture. He is at its intellectual center.



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DIEDRICH

(Continued from p. 639)

in a corner near the door. Above Dmitri's bed were a simple icon and a rough sketch of Ernest Hemingway.

Igor began talking. "Most Russian people do not like foreigners in their homes. They are too ashamed of them. Dmitri wants you to see this. He has lived in places like this all his life. Now do you know why he hates Communism?"

Dmitri opened the clothes cabinet and showed me his library, a collection of about twenty American books on political science and current events. I was asked whether I had anything to contribute. All I had was a copy of Robert Leckie's *History of the Korean War*. I promised that I would give it to Igor on the following day, and I did.

Igor explained that the library was used by about a dozen of his friends who met twice a week for political seminars. One of the group who understands English reads a chapter for the others. There then follows a period of discussion and argument. The group's favorite book is John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*. The book these young men want most is the memoirs of Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, who was executed a year ago for espionage. He is their hero.

"Other groups do more than we do," Igor told me. "One group is printing anti-Soviet leaflets. They spot people who have suffered hardship from the government. Then they place anti-Soviet papers in their postboxes. You see, the struggle is beginning. Someday we will meet again in a free Russia!"

But what about the army? I wanted to know.

Igor shrugged. "The Soviet soldier is a Russian just as I am. I have a cousin who is a captain in the army. Two months ago I told him I was in this group. He was shocked, but he did nothing about it. Now we talk about it every week. He tells me he hates the political commissar in his unit. Soon I will ask him if he wants to join us. If his answer is yes, his job will be to look for other officers. . . ."

I spent two hours in that room. Then my two friends took me back to Gorky Street and the rose-colored world of Intourist.

LEJEUNE

(Continued from p. 637)

fear that it might prejudice Britain's approach to the Common Market. The American government too has preferred to try to bundle Britain into Europe, like a rich man hoping to get an impoverished relative off his hands.

But in my view an Atlantic Free Trade Area ought not to be considered a second best at all. Quite the contrary.

The suggestion, though nothing has been very precisely formulated, is for an association consisting initially of the United States, Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, but open also to Japan and the EFTA nations and perhaps later to other industrialized countries as well. And, in the longest perspective, it could and should be linked with the Common Market.

In this form it may seem an unrealistically grandiose vision. But the kaleidoscope of international groupings is currently being shaken into new patterns as we watch. Among the most significant was surely the meeting of Vietnam allies which followed the SEATO conference. Australia and New Zealand are being drawn closer into the American orbit: if Britain abandons her traditional links with them in order to go into the Common Market, they will be forced, for their own economic and strategic protection, to move closer still: and they can expect some reward from the American government for the role they are playing in Vietnam.

Here then is the nucleus, already in being, of a new English-speaking community, bound together by common interests and a common cause. This is the community of which I want Britain to be a part. If the price of entry is just the opposite to de Gaulle's, then let Britain pay it; let Britain send a division of troops to Vietnam now. Both honor and expediency would be well served.

The British government has chosen what I believe to be the wrong course, wrong for Britain and wrong for the Western Alliance as a whole. But, if the application to join the Common Market fails, these very interesting alternatives will begin to be seriously explored. And fail it may. If I were looking at matters from Europe's point of view, I wouldn't be at all keen to let the ambitious Mr. Wilson inside my gates.

Those of us who still believe, not in a Third Force, but in a strengthened Atlantic community, must rely on the hope expressed in a recent cartoon by Osbert Lancaster. It shows a respectable French matron gazing appalled at an unkempt mini-skirted chick from Swinging London. "Pray God," she exclaims, "that the General does not weaken!"

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. What Haakon VII led during WW II; what RFK now leads

B. A large area in S. E. Georgia

C. Corrupt or morally offensive condition

D To instruct or benefit

E. British diplomat (1881-1957)

F. A free political unit of which Richard Henry Lee wanted thirteen in his day

G. One who cuts an animal body or plant apart

H. An aboriginal inhabitant

I. The light shed by a lamp (you can't miss on this one!)

J. English translation of Dreigroschenoper

K. U.S. theatrical manager (born in Germany) whose grandson-namesake wrote music (surname)

WORDS

126 1 151 211 145 166 179 186 54 72 22

77 92 42 135 207 28

174 52 152 34 74 136 62 107 78 97 134

168 23 214 45

153 66 80 86 35 24 91 215 189 225

167 150 120 173 14

210 83 132 25 124 154 143 182 102 184

220 125 48 103 9 51 216 57 69 85 95

228 137 160 177 188

223 155 67 195 202 3 217 81 29 100

12 117 49 30 43 27 101 96 90 89

17 229 104 116 37 165 159 130 219

26 138 175 38 180 15 194 55 63 79 4

65 133 212 105

50 108 127 75 139 39 156 46 53 88 5

DEFINITIONS

L. Obliterated

M. A narcotic and intoxicant in the Orient

N. A lake in the Everglades

O. A Radical Democrat, New York City, 1835

P. Predecessor of the present emperor of Japan

Q. English poet (1809-83); famous because of one of his translations

R. Acts on

S. What the Kennedys are (careful, now!)

T. These were once numerous in Erin but never a majority in the U.S.

U. A word in the title of one of Walter Scott's novels

V. Private, noncommercial vessels

WORDS

64 2 94 128 31 44 203

73 60 40 185 157 68 172

76 32 41 204 121 140 10 109 56 7

110 16 129 99 201 144 193 147

146 190 70 169 18 199 122 6 227

197 224 19 123 208 47 192 149 114 183

206 115 148 33 171 198 71

82 20 119 230 141 196 158 162 178 11 111

59

131 13 84 142 164 205 200 226 191 118 61

170 21 176 213 222

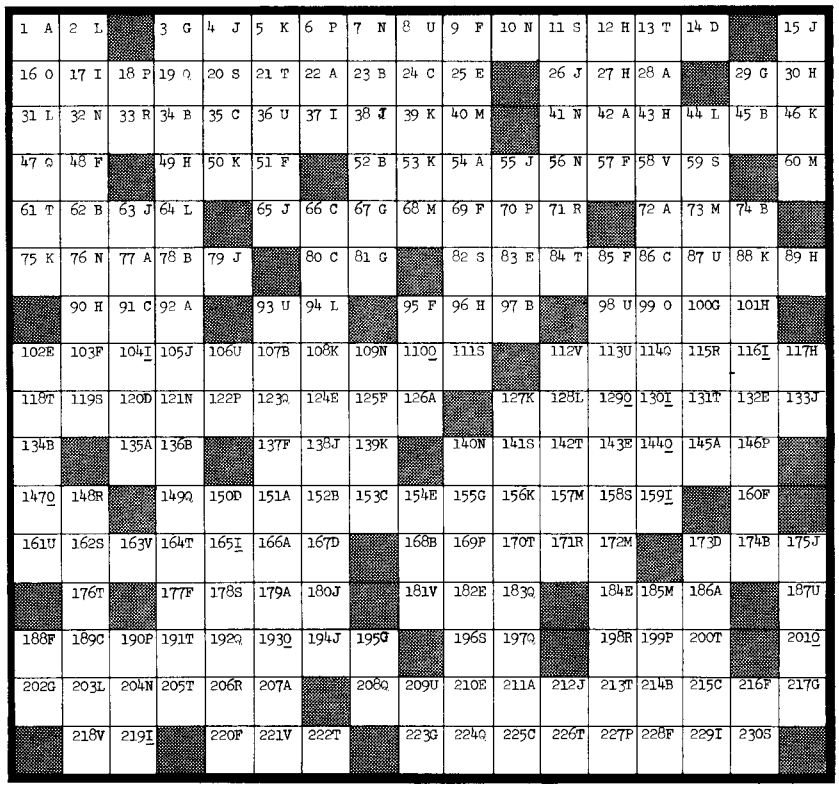
36 87 8 98 113 106 161 209 93 187

58 218 163 181 221 112

See page 616 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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FOR THE RECORD

■ Month-long speculation in Europe over **Andrei Gromyko**'s mysterious visit to Cairo and 48-hour secret conference with **Nasser** in March, now resolved. European observers believe Nasser wanted assurance of Soviet neutrality should he decide to jump Israel. . . . Nasser's army is equipped with 1,200 to 1,500 medium and heavy Soviet tanks, 550 fighters and bombers. It also has a 75-ship navy and about 100 missiles, according to well-informed *Current African Publications*—plus the Soviet technicians to keep them running. . . . By Memorial Day, all 433 women and children attached to U.S. embassy in Cairo and consulate in Alexandria had been evacuated. . . . **U Thant**'s performance in pulling out UN peacekeeping force practically before Nasser demanded it aptly summed up by *N.Y. Times* columnist **C. L. Sulzberger:** "[He] used his international prestige with the objectivity of a spurned lover and the dynamism of a noodle." . . . Early victim of the Middle East crisis, the James Bond flick *Goldfinger* which came under new Cairo ban of "spy and adventure films that paint saboteurs and spies and imperialist hirelings as heroes. [These movies] are a psychological and ideological weapon."

■ In the works: a "million man" march on Washington October 21 to protest the Vietnam war. Organizing for it: the Communists, usual pacifist and New Left groups, plus high-powered Dr. **Benjamin Spock-Martin Luther King** Vietnam Summer. . . . Smaller marches planned for July 4, August 6, Labor Day—to keep the troops in shape. . . . Progressive Labor and fellow-traveling black power groups expected to instigate riots and demonstrations in attempt to disrupt **July plebiscite on future status of Puerto Rico**. . . . Conviction of Progressive Labor's **William Epton** on charges of conspiring to overthrow a state government during the Harlem riots of 1964, upheld by N.Y. Court of Appeals. Epton out on bail pending Supreme Court appeal. . . . Death of philanthropic **Stephen Curriers** on a Caribbean charter flight this spring, reportedly has put serious crimp in finances of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Mansbridge, *Daily Sketch*, London
Ben Roth Agency

"Each time I phone de Gaulle a voice says 'This is a recording—Non!"

■ Suggestion by Senator **John J. Williams** (R. Del.) for curbing Presidential campaign costs: cut short the campaign to five weeks by holding conventions late in September instead of July or August. Williams also favors individual tax-exempt donations up to $100. . . . Good omen: for the first time in a generation a conservative slate in N.Y. Young Republicans convention (**Gordon Webb, Doris Griffin**) made good showing (30 per cent) against organization-backed **Javits-Lindsay** slate. N.Y. YRs also voted against Medicare and against Alcorn Report, which is blueprint by senior party to move YRs to the left. Important to watch *vis-à-vis* Left-Right fight: outcome of YR convention in Omaha later this month. . . . **Phyllis Schlafly,** who lost out to **Gladys O'Donnell** in National Federation of Republican Women election a month ago, says she will stay in Federation and work for election of conservative candidates in 1968.

■ South Vietnamese Foreign Minister **Tran Van Do** journeyed all the way to Geneva, but was not allowed to be delegate to Fund for the Republic's *Pacem in Terris* meeting (although invited) because delegates of North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front did not turn up. Motion by other delegates failed when **Chester Ronning** of Canada said he would withdraw if Tran Van Do got in. Significance: Ronning is diplomat who flew to Hanoi recently to try to broker peace talks on Vietnam. . . . Among the guilty counts in the Russell war tribunal's indictment of U.S.: charge that we are in violation of the **Kellogg-Briand Pact** (of 1928). . . . Furore in England over decision of **Lord Chandos** not to permit **Kenneth Tynan** and Sir **Laurence Olivier** to stage an anti-RAF play by **Rolf Hochhuth** in National Theatre. Chandos faces ridicule: he defended the appointment of Tynan as literary manager of the National Theatre on grounds that Tynan was AFD—Anti-Fuddy-Duddy. . . . **French government** announces it is setting up special police unit to guard newsmen covering riots. The new unit will guard newsmen, not from the rioters, but from regular police strongarm squads that seem to prefer picking on reporters to picking on rowdies.

■ Going the rounds: How can you tell when Uncle Cornpone is telling the truth? If he rubs his nose, he's telling the truth. If he strokes his chin, he's telling the truth. If he tugs his ear, he's telling the truth. But watch his lips. If they move, he's lying.

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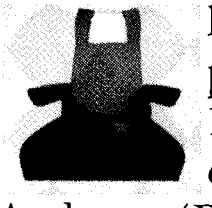

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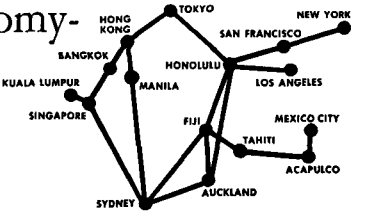

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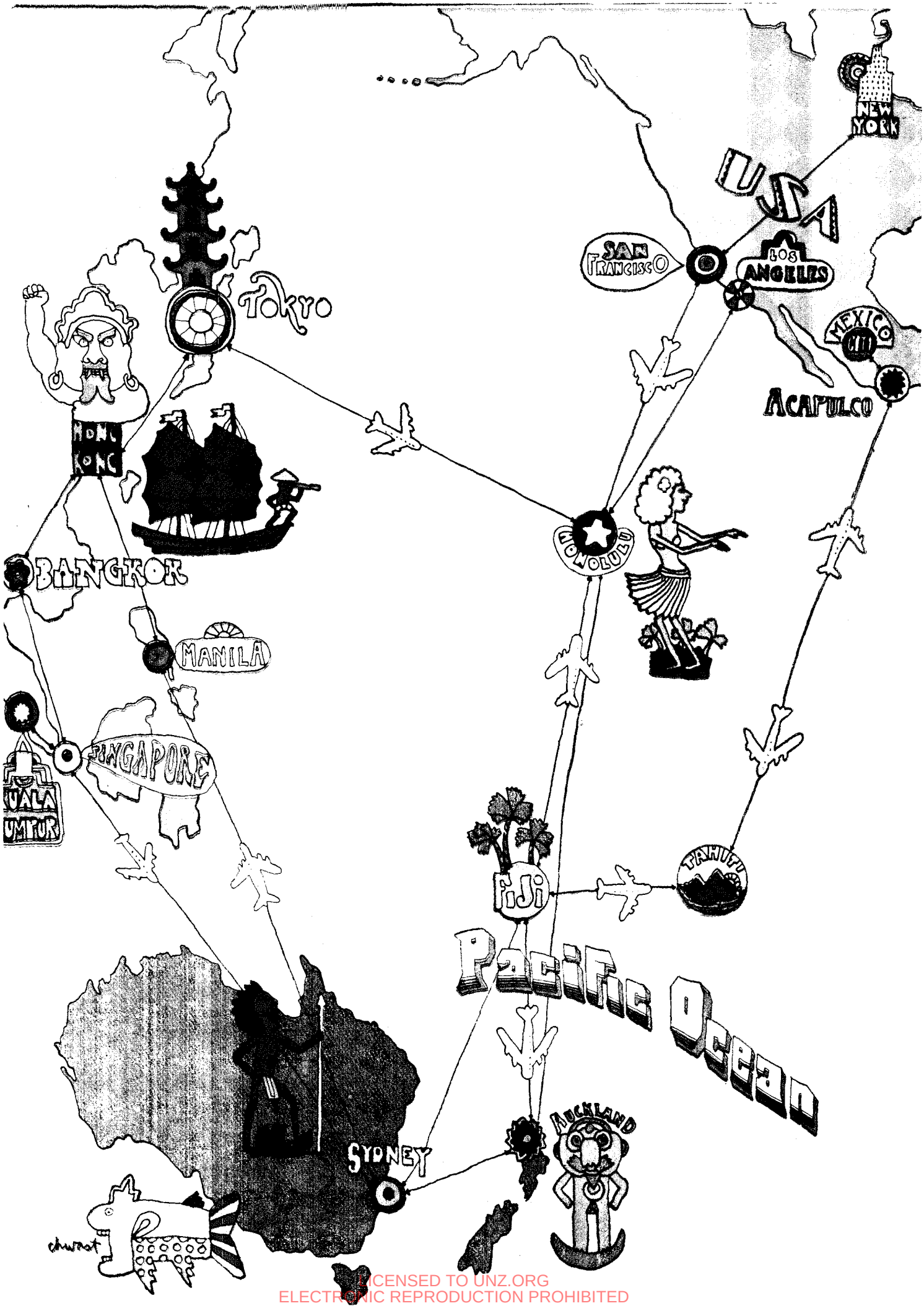

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